

68 Jom's Coffee House Janry 31: 1737
TASSO's Jerufalem,

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E P I C P O E M M^r Hall
M^r Goldham

Translated from the ITALIAN.
M^r Weaver
M^r Moson

By HENRY BROOKE, Esq;

B O O K I.



L O N D O N :

Printed by J. HUGHS, *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields :*

For R. DODSLEY, at *Tully's Head* in *Pall-Mall,*

MDCCXXXVIII.

(Price One Shilling.)

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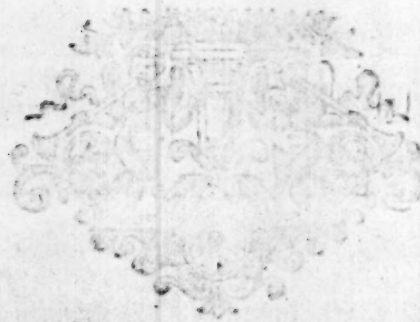
AND

EPIC POEM.

Translated from the ITALIAN.

BY HENRY BROOKS, ESQ.

BOOK I.



LONDON:



Printed by J. H. St. John's Lane, in Pall Mall.

MDCCLXXXVIII.

(Price One Shilling.)



TASSO's *Jerusalem.*

The First BOOK.



O F. Arms, devote to Heav'n's ETERNAL KING,
Of fainted Hosts the sacred *Chief* I sing,
Who freed that Tomb, to Infidels a Prey,
Where once the LORD for all the Living lay:
Alike his Might, and Conduct, claim Applause,
And much he suffer'd in the glorious Cause;
In vain infernal Fury rais'd Alarms,
And half the World oppos'd contending Arms;
Sedition, rul'd, beneath his Sceptre lay,
Foes learn'd to fear, and Rebels to obey,

So HEAVEN would crown ITS *Hero* with Success,
And Virtue triumph'd in the Power to blefs.

O Muse! whom mortal Trophy would prophane,
And thy chaste Brow with fading Laurel stain,
While circling Glories round thy Temples play,
And circling Angels hymn th' eternal Lay;
O! breathe celestial Ardours to my Breast,
Inspire the Song (to *Albion's Prince*) address'd,
And pardon Fiction mix'd with Truths divine,
Or Arts to please, which Goddesses are not thine.

WELL dost thou know the Purport of my Song,
Tho' dress'd to charm, with secret Virtue strong;
While veil'd, beneath the Verse the Moral lies,
And captivates the Soul with kind Disguise:
His Bitter thus the friendly Leech conceals,
And with the Fraud of latent Med'cine heals.
To the sick Taste he promises Delight,
And obvious Sweets the infant Lip invite,
Health, ambush'd, in the Potion is imbib'd,
For Man must ev'n to Happiness be brib'd.

SIX Suns had now their annual Journey run,
And seen the War which with the first begun,
Still in his Cause MESSIAH's Hosts engage,
And Eastward bid the kindling Combat rage.
Antioch, and *Nice*, were now the Victor's Prize,
Or won by Storm, or Captive by Surprise;
In vain all *Asia* rises to repel,
Beneath their Force unnumber'd *Persians* fell,
And last *Tortosa* vanquish'd, they retire,
Till War shall with returning Spring respire,

SCARCE Winter warm'd before the golden Ray,
Restor'd the Battle with the length'ning Day;
When GOD self rais'd from his eternal Throne
Sublime, o'er Heav'ns high Empirean throne,
Aw'd from his Seat, tho' patent to his View,
The rolling Universe holds Distance due,
He looks, unnumber'd Worlds before him lie,
And Nature lives collected in his Eye.

To *Syria*, on the Christian Peers intent,
All-piercing the DIVINE PERCEPTION bent;
Where *Godfrey* stood, conspicuous in *his* Sight,
Above the Princes eminently bright;
Nor Wealth allures him, nor Ambition charms,
But Faith refines, and heav'nly Ardour arms,
While Zeal alone his placid Bosom fires,
And with the Warrior all the Saint conspires.

Not such the Thoughts that Heaven in *Baldwin*
From Virtue alien, tho' by Blood ally'd, (spy'd,
Ambitious Phantasms haunt his idle Brain,
And Pride still prompts him to be greatly vain.

With silent Anguish *Tancred* stood oppress'd,
While Love, fond Passion, languish'd in his Breast.

BUT *Boemond's* Cares on *Antioch's* Glory wait,
And model in his Mind her new form'd State;
While the Great Chief, late terrible in Arms,
With Arts of Peace, and social Conduct charms,

At

At once of Earth and Heaven asserts the Cause,
Instructs with Piety, and forms with Laws.

Rinaldo then, to War, and Nature new,
Gave all his brave, his open Soul to VIEW,
Untam'd that restless Bosom wish'd the Fight,
And circling Perils gave his Eyes Delight:
Wisdom, and Fame, but Fame the most refin'd,
By turns prevail'd, and fir'd, or form'd his Mind,
While He on *Guelpho*, sage Instructor, hung,
And caught the falling Maxims from his Tongue.

THIS saw the DEFTY, through ev'ry Breast,
Each latent Inclination lay confess'd;
Then call'd, and from the bright Angelic Round,
Forth issu'd *Gabriel* to the sacred Sound;
He, of the prime celestial Splendors came
Obsequious to the Will of HEAV'N'S SUPREME,
Gracious to Man the social *Spirit* stands,
To Saints, the *Messenger* of bless'd Commands,
Thence, breathes the cordial Incense to his KING,
And wafts their Vows on his returning Wing.

(EXPRES-

(EXPRESSIVE then th' inutterable NAME)

" To *Godfrey* his Creator's Will proclaim ;

" Ask wherefore are my *Sion's* Bonds unty'd?

" The Hero's Sword why dormant at his Side?

" To Council bid him cite each Christian Peer,

" Reprove the Tardy, and the Valiant cheer,

" Him I elect, superior in his Sway,

" And let his Rivals, and the World obey.

NOR now Heav'n's *flaming Minister* delays,
He heard with Transport, and with Speed obeys,
Air organized his casual Limbs composed,
Attemp'ring Radiance round his Essence closed,
A human Form the dazzling *Shape* display'd,
But in the Majesty of Heav'n array'd,
While Youth smil'd o'er him with celestial Grace,
And beamy Ringlets wanton'd round his Face.

HE spread for Flight his many tinctur'd Wings,
And light from Heav'n's high Firmament he springs,

All

(9)
All feather'd as the darting Shaft he flies,
Cuts the bright Steep, and cleaves the yielding Skies,
Divides the Sphere of many a shining Star,
And sends the coming Glory from afar,
Then stands on *Lebanon* reveal'd to View,
And shakes his Plumes bedropp'd with Morning Dew.

Now half appear'd the Horizontal Sun,
And West, and East with equal Glory shone,
There shed his Ev'ning, here his Morning Ray,
And gave to different Worlds dividual Day,
When wing'd from *Lebanon's* aspiring Head,
Th' angelic *Message* to *Tortosa* sped;
What Time the *Duke* his Orizons address'd
And breath'd to Heav'n the Rapture of his Breast,
In usher'd graceful with the Morning Beam,
A brighter Morn, the dazzling Angel came,
And placid, to the much admiring Man,
The bright, the social *Intellect* began.

“ ATTEND thou favour'd of SUPREME DECREE!
“ Thus sends the DEITY, and sends to thee,

“ In

“ In BULLOIGN’s Breast what kindling Zeal should glow,
“ What Fires impel him forceful on the Foe?
“ When *Sion* calls, when list’ning Heaven commands,
“ And consecrates her Cause in *Godfrey’s* Hands.
“ Tis thine to vindicate her just Complaints,
“ To strike the Shackles from her captive Saints;
“ Tis thine to summon ev’ry Christian Peer,
“ Reprove the Tardy, and the Valiant cheer,
“ Their Gen’ral thou, superior in thy Sway,
“ God so appoints, and Mortals must obey.

HE ceas’d, and less’ning from the Heroe’s View,
Back to his native Heav’n the *Brightness* flew;
Nor *Godfrey* yet supports Excess of Light,
New to the *Shape*, and dizzied at the Sight,
Not the wide Blaze his darkling Eye sustains,
And Chillness thrill’d unwonted through his Veins.

BUT soon he calls the Vision to his Mind,
And ponders on the glorious Charge assign’d,
Fresh to his Soul the high Behest returns,
And with redoubled Zeal his Bosom burns;

Nor

Nor yet that Heav'n prefer'd its Warrior Saint
 Did Pride dilate him, or Ambition taint,
 But through ALMIGHTY WILL, his Will aspires,
 As the Spark mounts, amid the kindling Fires.

STRAIT where they lay, each Chieftain he invites,
 Now mild requires, and now by Mandate cites,
 Dispatch'd around his posting Envoys fly,
 And Pray'rs are mix'd with Counsels to comply.
 Persuasive here, the gallant Soul he charms,
 But here provokes, and here impels to Arms,
 Here blows the flumb'ring Virtue to a Flame,
 And breathes throughout the noble Thirst of Fame.

SUCH *Godfrey's* Conduct, nor his Conduct vain,
 Each comes, attended by his warlike Train ;
Tortosa but a scant Reception yields,
 And tented Armies throng the neighb'ring Fields.
 All awful, to consult the Peers repair,
 (Save *Boemond*) each, majestic, fills his Chair,
 When graceful to the Senate *Godfrey* rose,
 And deep the Stream of Elocution flows.

(14)
“ YE Warriors ! Heav’n-elected, to restore
“ The sacred Faith of HIM those Heav’ns adore,
“ Preserv’d for this through many a fearful Day,
“ The foreign Climate, and the deadly Fray,
“ Well may ye rush, thus arm’d upon the Foe,
“ And fight secure where Heav’n averts the Blow.
“ Nor vain I deem the Purchase of your Toil,
“ The vanquish’d Province, and the glorious Spoil,
“ Since Trophies through reforming Nations rise,
“ And bear CHRIST’S Name triumphant to the Skies.

“ BUT not for this, we left our native Place,
“ The known Endearment, and the chaste Embrace,
“ Each social Sweet for distant Battle chang’d,
“ And wand’ring, through the faithless Ocean rang’d,
“ For this, an End unequal to your Arms,
“ Nor bleeds the Combat, nor the Conquest charms,
“ Nor such the Prize, your matchless Labours claim,
“ Barbarian Kingdoms, and ignoble Fame.

“ WAS not the Scope of our united Pow’rs
“ To scale the Steep of *Sion*’s hallow’d Tow’rs ?
“ High

“ High o’er her Walls to force resistless Way?
“ Deep on her Dungeons pour the long lost Day?
“ To lift Oppression from her House of Pain?
“ Snap the vile Yoke, and burst the Pagan Chain?
“ Restore to Piety her sacred Seat?
“ And build for Virtue a secure Retreat?
“ Where each devoted Pilgrim might repair,
“ And CHRIST receive the tributary Prayer.

“ WHERE Triumph stands, defeated of its Aim,
“ How vain the Victory! how fruitless Fame!
“ While still the wish’d Atchievement turns aside,
“ And Conquest flows, but with a diff’rent Tide.
“ For wherefore is the Might of *Europe* arm’d,
“ *Asia* invaded, and the World alarm’d?
“ If Ruin be alone the Victor’s Praise,
“ And States subverted, while we meant to raise.

“ FRAIL is the Strength of sublunary Things,
“ The Pomp of Titles, and the Pride of Kings,
“ Nor such the Hope a faithful Few may boast,
“ Hemm’d in by Nations, and a barb’rous Coast,

“ Our Country distant, fickle *Greece* untried,
“ Nor aught but Heav’n to combat on our side.

“ TRUE, we have fought, nor have we fought in vain,
“ Proud *Antioch* won, and hostile Armies slain,
“ But these atchiev’d by many a wond’rous Way,
“ Shew GOD still guides the Fortune of the Day ;
“ Then if we seek or Conquest, or Applause,
“ Through Means averse to his victorious Cause,
“ The Pride of Triumph, and the Thirst of Fame,
“ In Death shall vanish, or be quench’d in Shame.

“ AH! never may our Arms such Issue find,
“ Nor we rebel ingrate, while Heav’n is kind;
“ But still conform’d to the divine Behest,
“ Be the great Period, as Commencement, blest’d.
“ Then, then, while Time, while ev’ry Pass is ours,
“ And prompt Occasion chides our ling’ring Pow’rs,
“ Quick let us rise, toss high the spacious Mound,
“ And circling, gird *Jerusalem* around.

“ FOR

“ For me ye Princes! hear what I preface,
“ Be witness Heav’n! and ev’ry future Age!
“ Now, is the conq’ring Crisis mark’d by Fate,
“ Now, is the Time, to give the World a Date,
“ The Time to consecrate your Deeds to Fame,
“ To bless your Arms, or ever blast your Name :
“ But once elaps’d, though panting to regain,
“ Vain are our Hopes, our Labours wake in vain,
“ Each Sun shall set, a Witness to our Woe,
“ And *Egypt* succour the recruited Foe.

HE ceas’d, a solemn Whisp’ring fill’d the Pause,
And the whole Senate murmur’d deep Applause:
When *Peter*, sage, and venerable Man,
Slow-rising, to the circling Chiefs began.
“ Tho’ distant from the War, and World retir’d,
“ Prime Author, He, the distant War inspir’d,
“ Which once in Act, he issu’d from his Cell,
“ And thus promotes what he commenc’d so well.

“ WITH Transport I survey the *Truth* express’d
“ Warm in each Eye, and big in ev’ry Breast,
When

“ When *Bulloign* speaks it with prevailing Charms,
“ No Task remains but to enforce with Arms;
“ Yet pardon one Reflection still behind,
“ A Weight long since incumbent o’er my Mind.

“ WHERE Friendships are by light Suspicions cool’d,
“ And Rulers, are themselves by Passions rul’d,
“ Incongruous Orders issu’d by the Great,
“ Sedition pregnant in the lower State,
“ Occasions opportune are ever lost,
“ And ev’ry good, and glorious End is cross’d:
“ Ill does it seem when Discord thus attaints
“ The Cause of Christians, and a Host of Saints,
“ A Host, whom Breach eternal must divide,
“ While various Minds in various Pow’rs preside.

“ The mutual Weal, divided Pow’r withstands,
“ Nor Justice holds her Scale with various Hands;
“ Corruption ev’ry partial View attends,
“ And the torn State, each selfish Member rends.
“ Not so has Nature, in the frame of Man,
“ Drawn the true Scheme of each politic Plan;

“ Gave

" Gave various Parts, to form one beauteous Whole,
" And gave a *Head* in Prudence to controul,
" Like Ruler should ye chuse, could I advise,
" And form your own, as Nature's Conduct, Wise.

HE said, when mantling from each Heroe's Breast,
Ambition mounts in ev'ry Eye express'd,
But soon a Beam, emissive from above,
Shed mental Day, and touch'd the Heart with Love,
Gave jealous Rage to know divine Controul,
And rul'd the Tempest rising in the Soul.
Calm Reason the recoiling Tumult sways,
The *Sage's* Speech attentive Judgment weighs,
To Merit, ev'ry partial View expands,
And *Godfrey, Godfrey*, ev'ry Voice demands.

HIS Will they vote, their future Test of Right,
His leading Arm, their Ensign to the Fight,
Their *Atlas*, fit to bear th' incumbent Weight,
The Trust of Empire, and the Task of State,
Submiss, to him they yield unrival'd Sway,
And willing Princes, late his Peers, obey.

The

(18)
The Consult ended, and the *Royal Name*
Was born wide wafted on the Wings of Fame;
The News, a thousand busy Tongues impart,
Chear ev'ry Brow, and gladden ev'ry Heart.

FOR not unconscious was the warlike Crowd,
Of Worth to ev'ry vulgar Eye avow'd;
Approving Throngs their *Godfrey's* Presence greet,
Charm'd to his Sight, or prostrate at his Feet,
Proclaim their Monarch with united Voice,
And loudly consecrate the publick Choice.
He, mild returns, while corresponding Grace
Speaks from his Mien, and answers in his Face,
Then bids his Host prepare their bright Array,
And light with early Arms th' ensuing Day.

THE ruddy Sun now orient, chas'd the Dawn,
Shot o'er the Sea, and reach'd the dewy Lawn,
Up with the Morn arose the ready Train,
Each seiz'd his Arms, and issued on the Plain.
The driving Squadrons fill the spacious Coast,
Wide wave the Banners of the various Host,

Whose

Whose burnish'd Mail with flitting Lustre gay,
Reflect thick Lightnings, and return the Day.

SUPERIOR the observant *Godfrey* stands,
Orders the Field, and marshals all the Bands,
Directs the moving Legions from on high,
And rules a Host with his experienc'd Eye.

SAY thou my Soul! with Gifts divinely blest'd,
And all thy Treasures of a conscious Breast,
What Chiefs conspicuous then adorn'd the Plain,
Their ancient Glory, and attending Train;
So may'st thou recollect the Spoils of Age,
And from Oblivion snatch the future Page,
To thee old Time shall ev'ry Trophy yield,
And all the pristine Honours of the Field,
Transplanted fair on each immortal Line,
And ev'ry Ear, and future Age be thine.

FIRST came the *Gauls*, *Clothario* at their Head,
Whom *Hugo* late, unhappy Warrior, led;
Where

Where four fair Streams an ample Nation fold,
 And *Gallia's* Isle with soft Embraces hold,
 He in the Front of levied Numbers shone,
 Prime of their Host, and Brother of the Throne,
 But early Death suppress'd the vital Flame,
 Secure of Heav'n, and still surviving Fame;
 Nor now the Troops an equal Leader scorn,
 Great as the first, tho' not of Princes born,
 A thousand arm'd, sedate they move along,
 In weighty Mail indissolubly strong,
 Attend their Chief with boasted Ensigns gay,
 And the proud Arms of ancient *France* display.

To these, each clasp'd within his steely Case,
 Alike in Stature, and a martial Grace,
 From *Celtic Gaul* a kindred Band succeeds,
 A thousand Warriors, on a thousand Steeds,
Normania's Robert in the Van presides,
 And the closed Files with native Sceptre guides.

Two *Prelates* next their dreaded Arms unite,
 Renown'd for Piety, as fam'd in Fight;

Great

Great *Ademare* with Standards richly spread,
And *William* Rev'rend at his People's Head.
Great *William*, Chief amid four hundred known,
From *Orange*, and the deep meander'd *Rhone*;
Like Dangers *Ademare* from *Poget* fought,
And in the Front of equal Numbers fought;
Awful in Arms, in Ministry divine,
Rever'd alike in Lawn, or Mail they shine,
Their docile Troops with bold Example teach,
And fearless combat for the Faith they preach.

THEN *Baldwin* o'er his Pow'rs appear'd supreme,
From *Bouillon*, seated on the silver Seme,
Chief of the Bands, whom late *Duke Godfrey* led,
Now Chief of Chiefs, and of their Host the Head.
Carinto o'er four hundred next presides,
With Valour fires them, and with Wisdom guides;
But thrice that Number mightier *Baldwin* leads,
And arm'd, and haughty in the Van precedes.

To these ensue amid the beaten Fields,
Whom *Guelpho* governs, whom *Suabia* yields,

Guelpho, with Merit, as with Fortune crown'd,
And greatly ev'n among the Great renown'd,
The Princely House of *Est*, and *Roman Sire*,
Their Offspring's emulating Acts inspire,
But distant, he his native Country sway'd,
And where the Chief was born, the Soil obey'd.

Two neighb'ring Floods his bounded Realms contain,
The rising *Danaw*, and the circling *Rhene*,
Maternal Heritage, with Plenty blest'd,
By *Rhetians* erst, and Northern *Sweves* possess'd;
With Nations added by his conq'ring Sword
Carinthia too confess'd the *Guelphian* Lord;
A Race addicted much to free Delights,
To social Joys, and hospitable Rites,
While o'er their Huts the Wintry Tempests pass,
Warm'd by the genial Fire, and sparkling Glass,
Five thousand hence the sage Commander drew,
A chearful, faithful, and intrepid Crew,
Sad Chance of War, the greater Number slain,
To Mirth no longer wakeful, press the Plain.

THE

THE *Belgi* next, in Helms, and polish'd Mail
Their snowy Limbs, and flaxen Ringlets veil,
Whose narrow Realms unbounded Wealth contain,
Hemm'd in by *France*, *Almania*, and the Main.
Where the *Moselle*, and blended *Rhine* extend,
Wide o'er the Banks, their weighty Harvests bend,
A People valiant, and inur'd to Toil,
Domestic Industry, and foreign Spoil,
With these appear, dispos'd in armed Files,
The subject Pow'rs of their associate Isles,
Who with steep Mounds repair those dang'rous Shores,
Where the Breach threatens, and the Tempest roars,
Where the proud Flood disdains inferior Prey,
And o'er a Nation pours the headlong Sea.

BENEATH another *Robert* all unite,
A thousand arm'd, and eager for the Fight,
They pass, and to the *British* Squadrons yield
The next Succession of the moving Field.
But these, superior to the *Belgi* throne,
Array'd by *William*, *Albion's* younger Son,

From

From their broad Backs their graceful Weapons flow,
The swift wing'd Quiver, and the twanging Bow;
With them, *Hibernia* sends her Sons to War,
Hibernia, Neighbour of the Northern Star,
Where her bleak Hills, and hoary Woods aspire,
And less'ning from the distant World retire.

THEN *Tancred* took the Eye with heedless Grace,
Strength in his Arm, and Beauty in his Face,
Of all that valiant, that unnumber'd Host,
Rinaldo might superior Prowess boast,
Of Worth untainted, fearless in the Fight,
And else unmatched, in Glory, as in Might.
One sole Default his nobler Ardor chain'd,
While Love amid his Strength of Virtues reign'd,
Caught from a Glance of momentary Charms,
And nurs'd with Anguish in the Din of Arms.

So Fame relates on that triumphant Day,
When *Persians* fell an undistinguish'd Prey,
Far from his Host the Slaughter *Tancred* led,
And singly follow'd where the foremost fled;

Till

Till fev'rish, and fatigu'd, he sought Repose,
 And to his Wish a rural Arbour rose,
 Where a cool Stream, beneath the whisp'ring Shade,
 With pendant Flow'rs, and quiv'ring Willows play'd,
 Thither he turn'd, but with unwary Thought,
 Soon lost the Sweets of that Repose he sought.

By the clear Stream unlook'd for Perils lay,
 In all the Charms of Virgin Beauty gay,
 Her Body arm'd with Amazonian Grace,
 But obvious all the Dangers of her Face;
 His captive Step the Warrior stopp'd amaz'd,
 Sigh'd as he look'd, and trembled while he gaz'd,
 His Eyes ran o'er the Maid, with hasty Art
 Thence drew her Form, and fix'd it in his Heart.

BUT soon alarm'd the beauteous *Pagan* rose,
 With lovely Threats her kindling Visage glows,
 She brac'd her Helm, and fierce the Hero view'd,
 In Act to combat whom her Charms subdu'd.
 His Troops approach'd, the Virgin fled like Wind,
 But hop'd in vain to leave the Chief behind;
 The

The Place, the Person, present to his View,
The Nymph still flies, and still his Thoughts pursue,
Within his Eyes the lov'd Ideas roll,
Heave in his Heart, and sicken in his Soul.

HENCE o'er his Cheek distemper'd Anguish spread,
Prey'd on his Strength, and on his Beauty fed,
Despair lay sad, but silent in his Breast,
And Sighs alone the length'ning Woe express'd.
Proud to attend, *Campania's* valiant Bands,
Eight hundred Horse await the Chief's Commands.
Campania, bless'd with all the Bloom of Health,
A Seat of Pleasures, and a Fund of Wealth,
Where the rich Odours breathe along her Vales,
And feed old Ocean with the fragrant Gales.

BEHIND, two hundred hardy Warriors came,
The only Warriors of the *Grecian* Name,
Light arm'd, and swift, they range th' imbattel'd Field,
Nor poise the Lance, nor bear the pond'rous Shield,
But in close Fight, or distant Skirmish, know
The dextrous Fauchion, and the bending Bow.

Spare

Spare were their Steeds, and slender their Repast,
 But blithe, and agile as an Eastern Blast,
 Untir'd, and practis'd to the nimble Rein,
 They stop, and turn, and dart along the Plain;
 Thus born, the Riders confidently go,
 Deface the Battle, and fatigue the Foe,
 Expert to charge, to traverse, and to fly,
 Pursued they combat, and the Conq'rors die.

TATINO points their Progress o'er the Fields,
He the sole Chief the *Grecian* Empire yields;
 Inglorious *Greece* in Indolence profound
 Repos'd, while arm'd Contention rang'd around:
 " But now the sad Equivalent is paid,
 " Left by the Cause, you once refus'd to aid,
 " The haughty *Pagan* lords it o'er your Plains,
 " And wakes the shameful Lethargy with Chains.

To close the Rear the bold *Advent'ers* came,
 The last in Order, tho' the first in Fame,
 A Troop of Heroes, *Europe's* proudest Boast,
 And the dire Terror of the *Asian* Host.

Whate'er through Times of high Memorial rung,
 By Prose recorded, or by Poets sung,
 Atchievements valorous, and Knights renown'd,
 In Chivalry, or antique Fable found,
 Transferr'd to *These*, may real Credence find,
 And sum the Excellence of human Kind.

THO' *each* might claim, as of peculiar Right,
 To lead a Host, and rule the Ranks of Fight,
Dudon that high Pre-eminence demands,
 By joint Assent of the *Adventurous* Bands.
 Where *Aufidus* first rolls an infant Wave,
 This Chief of Chiefs, *Hesperian Conza* gave;
 Sage was his Words, and hoary was his Head,
 To constant Toils, and early Battle bred,
 Yet ever was his boiling Courage young,
 And his try'd Nerve, to vivid Action strung;
 His Bosom, nobly trench'd with many a Scar,
 Old to the Field, the Father of the War.

AMID the Prime of those illustrious Peers
Eustatio, *Bulloign's* youngest Son appears,

Great

Great was his Challenge of peculiar Fame,
 But more thro' his imperial Brother's Name.
 With him, *Gernando*, Heir of *Norway* rides,
 And in his Pomp of vaunted Title prides;
 Nor less distinguish'd, in the peerless Train,
 Rode the fam'd *Roger*, and bold *Engerlane*,
Gentonio, and *Rambaldo*, far renown'd,
 And the Twin *Gerrards* with like Honours crown'd.

NOR here *Obizo*, or *Ubaldo* there,
 With *Rosmond*, *Lancaster's* redoubted Heir,
 Consign'd to latest Annals shall accuse,
 The mute Neglect of our injurious Muse,
 Nor brave *Achilles*, *Sforza*, *Palameed*,
 Well worthy Praise for many a worthy Deed,
 From *Lombardy* the valiant Brethren came,
 To form the great Triumvirate of Fame.
 With these rode *Otton*, who in single Fight,
 Won the dire Trophy of the *Paynim* Knight,
 High on whose Helm a naked Infant lay,
 Curl'd by a Snake, voracious o'er the Prey.

THE like Memorial *Guaschar*, *Raphe*, demand,
 Who boldly join the voluntary Band.
 To *Eberard*, and *Guernier* too belong,
 The Force, and Fame of an immortal Song,
 And the two *Guidos* equal Honours claim,
 Alike in Glory, and alike in Name.

BUT you, bright Pair! shall ever foremost shine,
 Shall still survive, to deck the mournful Line,
Gildippe! in thy dearer *Edward* blest'd,
 And *Edward*, only in thy Cares distress'd;
 Too fond the Knot, which wedded Faith supplies,
 When mutual Merit holds, what Beauty ties;
 One Life inspir'd them, nor could Death divide,
 They fought together, and together dy'd.

AH Love! all subtle Tutor, thou can't teach,
 What uninstruative else, the World might preach;
 Give the soft Sex to loathe inglorious Rest,
 String the weak Arm, and steel the snowy Breast;
 You brac'd the fair one's Helm, her Corselet ty'd,
 And gave the Guardian to her *Edward's* Side;
 Thus,

Thus, on they pass'd, inseparably pair'd,
For him she battel'd, and for her he fear'd,
By Each, for Each alone, was Life desir'd,
And wounded in the Other, Each expir'd.

LAST in the Rear of that embattel'd Train,
Shone the young Comet of the glitt'ring Plain,
Rinaldo, in whose fair, majestic Face,
Soft Beauty sweeten'd ev'ry Martial Grace ;
The Youth impatient of his manly Prime,
Fled from his Years, and stripp'd the Speed of Time,
Proud on his Arm the Force of Battel lay,
And round his snowy Limbs the Graces Play.

THIS Chief by *Adige*, on the winding Shore,
Sophia, Spouse to great *Bertoldo*, bore ;
But soon, *Matilda* takes their Infant Heir,
Caresses fondly, and conducts with Care,
To early Honour fires his growing Youth,
The Thirst of Glory, and the Love of Truth ;
When to his Ears the warlike Tidings came,
And sent the Stripling to the Fields of Fame.

FIVE Summers thrice had bloom'd around his Head,
When to the wond'ring Camp the Warrior fled,
Alone he pass'd, all eager on his Way,
And reach'd the Shore, and cross'd *th'Egean* Sea,
Then sped along, by many an unknown Coast,
And mix'd exulting, with the Christian Host.
And now three Years were spent amid Alarms,
Since first the princely Fugitive took Arms,
When Manhood early dawning from within,
Shed the smooth Down to deck his Iv'ry Chin.

THE Horsemen pass'd, the num'rous Foot succeed,
And trace the Marches of the bounding Steed ;
But these, *Tolosa's* Monarch, *Raimond* heads ;
And in the Front majestically treads,
From the proud Cliffs of *Pyrenean* Hills,
From lucid *Garonne*, and the neighb'ring Rills,
Wide o'er a placid Climate stretch'd his Reign,
And Eastward overlook'd the *Midland* Main.
Four thousand Vet'rans hence the Hero drew,
Who all the Arts of various Battle knew,
Compos'd

Compos'd they march, to ev'ry Toil address'd,
But He, their Bulwark, tow'rs before the rest.

FIVE thousand *Stephen* from *Ambasia* brings,
And *Tours*, and shelving *Blesæ*, seat of Kings,
Where *Loire* the too delicious Region laves,
And Cities float, reflected o'er the Waves,
Impatient hence, of Discipline, or Toil,
They caught the native Softness of the Soil,
Yet the fair Troops in martial Semblance arm'd,
With Shew of lively Preparation charm'd,
Their Valour, as the lightly flaming Fire,
Furious they charge, and fainting soon retire.

ALCASTO then, stepp'd forth with haughty Pace,
Fierce was his Mien, and menacing his Face,
Where o'er the Clouds the steepy *Alps* extend,
Six thousand from *Helvetia's* Tow'rs attend,
In shining Mail, their temper'd Plowshares glance,
Spread in the Shield, and pointed in the Lance,
While the right Arm, that rul'd the Flocks so late,
Now threatens the Mighty, and insults the Great.

LAST,

LAST, in the *Papal Standard*, they display,
 The *triple Crown*, and *apostolic Key*;
 Sev'n thousand valiant *Romans* march behind,
 And great *Camillo* had the Charge assign'd.
 The moving Cuishes, and their Corselets bright,
 Exchange quick Light'nings, and fatigue the Sight;
 Elate in Hope, and chear'd amid Alarms,
 They bless the Cause that calls the World to Arms,
 So to revive, and vindicate the Fame,
 That once unrival'd, mark'd the *Roman* Name.

Now summ'd to View, th' invincible Array,
 Stands on the Plain, and brightens in the Day;
 The *Gen'ral* calls, obsequious to the Sound,
 His Peers approach, and range attentive round;
 When *Bulloign* his imperial Will exprefs'd,
 And thus reveal'd the Counsels of his Breast.

“ SOON as the next succeeding Morn shall rise,
 “ And dawning Purple streak the Eastern Skies,
 “ Prepar'd, and arm'd with best appointed Speed,
 “ Be ev'ry Warrior, and be ev'ry Steed,
 “ For

" For then we mean to visit *Salem's* Tow'rs,
 " By secret March, and swift invading Pow'rs,
 " The mighty Crisis to the Combat calls,
 " And the Foe trembles in *her* sacred Walls.

BOLD was the Hope his ardent Words inspire,
 As the ply'd Fan provokes the slumb'ring Fire,
 Impatient they regret the ling'ring Night,
 Fierce for the Day, and for the promis'd Fight.
 But other Cares hold *Godfrey* from Repose,
 Nor tastes the Chief those Transports he bestows,
 Yet deep he held the Secret of his Breast,
 From ev'ry Ear, and ev'ry Eye suppress'd.

SMALL Cause to Joy, his late Advices bring,
 How *Lybia*, arm'd beneath the *Memphian* King,
 From *Damiata*, Eastward in the Way
 To *Gaza*, on the *Syrian* Frontiers lay.
 Innumerable there such Warriors he unites,
 As Force made confident, or Fame excites,
 Nor *Godfrey* hopes Advances can be slow,
 From so invet'rate, so renown'd a Foe,

F

How

How best to frustrate, or oppose, he seeks,
And to his Legate, trusty *Henry* speaks.

“ Go, speed thee *Henry*, spread the flying Sail,
“ Cut the green Wave, and catch the fav’ring Gale,
“ Nor give Indulgence to the lab’ring Oar,
“ Till the crook’d Keel divides the *Grecian* Shore.
“ There, should arrive, as private Seals impart,
“ From one who knows not the deceiving Art,
“ The *royal Dane*, for matchless Force renown’d,
“ As with the Grace of ev’ry Virtue crown’d ;
“ Zeal sends the *Northern Youth* its warmest Ray,
“ And Glory wings *him* to the toilsome Way,
“ From the cold Circle, and the polar Star,
“ The Friend, and brave Companion of the War.

“ BUT, for I know the *Greekish* Monarch’s Heart,
“ Stor’d with old Wiles, and well dissembled Art,
“ I fear lest he divert the princely Youth,
“ And wrest his Purpose from the Paths of Truth ;
“ Or other specious Enterprize persuade,
“ And rob our Armies of the promis’d Aid.

“ But

" But you, my Messenger, and faithful Friend,
 " Dispose his Journey to its destin'd End;
 " Alike his Honour, and our Arms shall need,
 " His utmost Forces, and his swiftest Speed.

" NOR you return, but to the *Grecian* sue,
 " For Aids, by previous Obligation due,
 " Such Aids as with his kingly Compact stands,
 " And more than Compact,--what the Cause demands.

The guardian Chief thus wakeful shuns Repose,
 While in his Care ten thousand Eye-lids close;
 The Herald, speeding to the breezy Shore,
 The Seals of Trust, and royal greeting bore;
 And late, the Duke from ev'ry Task reclin'd,
 Gave to his Couch the Labours of his Mind.

AND now the Night, imbalm'd in early Dew,
 Slow ebbing, from the paler Dawn withdrew,
Aurora on the purp'ling Ocean rose,
 The red'ning East with warmer Lustre glows,

His previous Beam, the solar Brightness shed,
 And from the Wave uprais'd his peerless Head.
 While thro' the Camp loud ecchoing Clarions ring,
 Rous'd to the Note, the sprightly Soldiers spring,
 Their Ears delighted, drink the warlike Sounds,
 And ev'ry Heart with answering Motion bounds.
 So joys the Peasant on the sultry Plain,
 When Thunders roll, the Messengers of Rain.

WITH quick Impatience ev'ry Bosom glows,
 Apt to their Limbs, the wonted Armours close.
 Each conscious Soldier on his Chief attends,
 And o'er the Plain the ranging Host extends.
 The Banners stream, redundant to the Wind;
 All move, as rul'd by one informing Mind;
 While high tow'rd's Heaven, the *Cross* in Triumph spread,
 Waves from the Van, and blazes at their Head.

Now up the steep of Heav'n the cloudless Sun,
 Fresh in his pomp of rising Splendor shone,
 He strikes the Squadrons with a trembling Light,
 The Flash gleams restless, and rejects the Sight,

All

All Æther flames, and sparkles round the Host,
 And the wide Glory fires the distant Coast;
 The Coursers neigh, the clanging Arms resound,
 And deaf'ning Hills return the Din around.

MEAN while the Chief, great Guardian of his Train,
 Renders all flights of lurking Ambush vain,
 He sends the light arm'd Horse detach'd before,
 To scour the Woodland, or the winding Shore;
 The Pioneers with previous Labours go,
 Pull down the Lofty, and supply the Low,
 Unfold the strait, detect the covert Way,
 And give large Travail to the wide Array,

NOT the rude Onsets of encount'ring Foes,
 Soon scatter'd, cou'd th' impervious March oppose;
 Not the proud Rampire, and the steepy Mound,
 The guarded Battlement, and Trench profound,
 In vain by Thickets, Rocks, and Hills withstood,
 The rising Forest, and the rushing Flood.
 So when the *Po*, imperial Torrent, swells,
 No Pow'r resists him, and no Force repells,

Deep

Deep from the Root, the sylvan Shade he heaves,
 The Ruin rolls ingulph'd within his Waves,
 He foams, he roars, he bounds along the Plain,
 And bears his Prey triumphant to the Main.

MEAN time, the King of *Tripoli*, alarm'd,
 Mann'd ev'ry Hold, and ev'ry Man he arm'd,
 But still restrain'd his Pow'rs, his Wealth suppress'd,
 And rul'd the Wrath rebellious in his Breast;
 With specious Gifts, and ill dissembled Cheer,
 Beneath feign'd Friendship he disguis'd his Fear;
 Sign'd ev'ry Term that *Godfrey* would impose,
 And gave wide Progress to his potent Foes.

WHERE South from *Salem*, *Seir's* Hills arise,
 And Eastward range, incumbent o'er the Skies,
 Promiscuous pours a num'rous Troop of Friends,
 And joyful, ev'ry Sex, and Age descends,
 Large Gifts, the Tribute of their Love, they bring,
 To the great Chief, of Christian Armies King;
 They view the wond'rous Man with strange Delight,
 Press to his Touch, and dwell upon his Sight,
 Thro'

Thro' Ways well known conduct his journey'd Host,
And point his Passage o'er the hostile Coast.

STILL tow'rd the Deep, the Windings they explore,
On Seabeat Shallows, and the fanded Shore ;
Off to the Right the Ships of Burden ride,
And plow the Surge that murmurs at their Side.
Convenient here, the flying Barge from far,
Imports the various Implement of War,
Replete from *Scios*, and the *Greekish* Isles,
All Autumn in the copious Navy smiles ;
While luscious *Crete* her gen'rous Juice bestows,
And to the Host the purple Vintage flows.

FROM *Britain*, *Belgia*, and the *Gallic* Bays,
From *Venice*, Native of the circling Seas ;
The Gulph of *Genoa*, and *Tuscan* Shores,
And where *Sicilia* piles her naval Stores :
Ships, Barks, and Gallies cut the *Midland* Main,
And join in Arms, a complicated Train.
For here no Pagan to the driving Gale,
With' daring Hand unfurls his tim'rous Sail ;
Unrival'd

Unrival'd round, the huge Armada rides,
 And with a Forest veils the nether Tides,
 Beneath the Load, indignant, Ocean swells,
 The Vessel labours, and the Surge rebels.

WING'd from the circling World the Fleet unites,
 One Wish informs them, and one Cause invites,
 Their murm'ring Keels divide the side-long Coast,
 With large Provision to the landed Host ;
 Then launch'd, they shout, and scour the winding Shore,
 Hoist ev'ry Sail, and ply with ev'ry Oar,
 All bound where CHRIST the dear Ablution shed,
 And for a sinful World, a sinless Victim bled.

FAME flies thro' *Sion* with preceding Sound,
 And hastes to spread the fearful News around,
 The Pow'rs, the Names, the Numbers all she sums,
 " See, see, she says, the dreaded Victor comes,
 " His Steps, a Troop of matchless Heroes wait,
 " Known to the Field, the Delegates of Fate,
 " Fear ye, whose short enduring Pow'r, detains,
 " The sacred City, and her Saints in Chains;

" He

“ He comes, and on his conq’ring Weapon brings,
 “ Death to her Foes, and Terror to her Kings.

“ Those Ills, which present we might learn to bear,
 “ In Prospect spread, and magnify by Fear,
 “ The Phantom realiz’d in Fancy’s Eye,
 “ Is greater Ill than all those Ills we fly.
 With busy Face, and ever list’ning Ear,
 Restless they run to learn, but dread to hear;
 Throughout the City, and adjacent Plains,
 Tumultuous Haste, Distrust, and Rumour reigns;
 While in *her* old, malicious Tyrant’s Soul,
 Black Thoughts, and hoary Machinations roll.

FOR *Aladine*, in *Sion* newly thron’d,
 Beneath the proud Usurper *Judah* groan’d;
 Dire was the native Purpose of his Mind,
 To ev’ry Act of early Ill inclin’d;
 But as his Years encrease, his Fires assuage,
 Allay with Time, and mitigate with Age.
 He learns the Progress of the Christian Pow’rs,
 That like a Torrent, comes to sap his Tow’rs;
 G And

And a new Doubt his anxious Bosom tears,
Treason within, and Force without, the fears.

FOR *Salem's* sacred City, then enclos'd,
Two diff'rent Sects, of different Faith, compos'd;
In CHRIST, divine Instructor, those believ'd;
And these, in *Macon*, carnally deceiv'd;
In Number, and in Pow'r, the last excell,
The former, only in believing well.
But late, when *He* th' imperial Seat attain'd,
And scepter'd o'er the Pow'rs of *Judah* reign'd.
The *Paynims* lighten'd from the Tax of State,
He whelms the *Christians* with th' unequal Weight.

SUSPICIOUS hence, he trembles in his Turn,
Left Injury with due Resentment burn.
Rous'd at the Thought, his native Wrath respire,
And wakes the Fury of his slumb'ring Fires,
The Glut of future Carnage feasts his Soul,
And in his Eye new Scenes of Slaughter roll.
Thus numn, and peaceful, lies some pois'nous Snake,
Chill'd in the Dropping of a wintry Brake,
Till

Till warm'd beneath the Sun's returning Ray,
He stirs, and curls, and kindles with the Day,
Reviv'd to Ill, his burnish'd Spires arise,
And Venom lightens from his sanguine Eyes.

“ BEHOLD, he said, malicious in their Joy,
“ How the Smile lurks, when *Christians* would destroy,
“ In Transport hush'd, they wait the coming Foe,
“ Their Hearts exulting in the publick Woe :
“ Nor less such secret Meditations mean,
“ Than nightly Treasons, and some murd'rous Scene,
“ Or thro' our Gates yon hostile Pow'rs to guide,
“ To us tho' hostile, yet to them ally'd.

“ BUT Prudence bids to disappoint the Blow,
“ And turn its Force, retorted on the Foe ;
“ The Traitor's Scheme shall on himself recoil,
“ And take him, with his own invented Toil.
“ Stabb'd, on the Breast let bleeding Infants die,
“ Each Sex, and Age, in mingling Slaughter lie ;
“ While hoary on the Shrine, their *Priests* expire,
“ And ev'ry Temple, flames, a fun'ral Pyre.

So brew'd the murd'rous *Mischief* in his Mind,
Dubious to act, what deadly he design'd ;
The threatful Storm, superior Fears controll,
And do the Work of Mercy in his Soul ;
While the fell Purpose thro' his Bosom boils,
With Rancour rises, and with Dread recoils,
Left to himself, like Fortune might betide,
Compell'd to crave that Mercy he deny'd,
And all the War, with desp'rate Vengeance sped,
Should pour its Wrath on his devoted Head.

THE Tyrant hence, irresolute in Rage,
Diverts the Fury, which he can't assuage ;
Lays the wide Suburbs level with the Ground,
And further spreads consuming Fires around ;
Fell Poison with the living Fount he blends,
Where Death amid the rolling Stream descends ;
Acts all a cruel Prudence can suggest,
And feeds the Fiend, that ravens in his Breast.

DEFENSIVE next, the City claims his Cares,
The Mound he deepens, and the Breach repairs;
Three Sides, impregnable, disdain'd the Fray,
Sole on the North, the Doubt of Battle lay:
But here, with utmost Vigilance he plies,
The Bars are doubled, and the Ramparts rise,
And last with native, and auxiliar Pow'rs,
He arms her Wards, and fortifies her Tow'rs.

11:7:49

The End of the First Book.



Dartnave next, the City claims his Care,
The Mound he deepens, and the Breach repairs;
Three Sides, impregnable, did gain'd the Prize,
Sole on the North, the Doubt of Battle lays;
But here, with utmost Vigilance he lies,
The Bars are doubled, and the Ramparts rise,
And last with native, and auxiliar Powers,
He arms her Walls, and fortifies her Towers.

The End of the First Book



TASSO's Jerufalem,

4 *Tom's Coffee House* April 6, 1738. *W. Bell*

EPIC POEM.

Translated from the *ITALIAN*. *M. O.*

By HENRY BROOKE, *Esq;*

BOOK II.



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TASSO's Jerusalem.

The Second BOOK.



THE King, in each anticipating Thought,
Thus foil'd his Foes, and future Combats
(fought ;

When lo! *Ismeno*, horrid Seer, drew nigh,
A vicious Counsellor, and dread Ally ;
Ismeno, deep in all the Pow'rs of Hell,
The mystic Philter, and infernal Spell,
The monumental Corse, *Ismeno* warm'd,
And the pale Dead with mimic Life inform'd,

Compell'd the Fiends to issue to his Aid,
 And Hell's dread King in his own Realms obey'd.
 A Christian once, he late transfer'd his Vows,
 And now to *Macon*, fitter Master, bows ;
 Nor well the Form of either System knew,
 False to the first, nor to the latter true ;
 Still were the Terms of sacred Phrase retain'd,
 Mix'd in his Songs, and in his Rites profan'd,
 With Lore divine, th'abhorrent *Charm* he yokes,
 And highest Heav'n with deepest Hell invokes.
 Dire from his Cave, where impiously retir'd,
 His Arts he practis'd and his Skill acquir'd,
 He issued, grateful to a Tyrant's Will,
 And thus advised the Minister of Ill.

“ You see, O King, the Fury of our Foes,
 “ Flush'd with the past, for future Conquest glows ;
 “ But Fury is by answ'ring Force controll'd,
 “ And Heav'n is prompt of Favour to the Bold.
 “ Thrice happy *Judah*, doubly arm'd in Thee !
 “ Expert to act, as cautious to foresee,

“ Who

“ Who singly boast the twofold Pow’r to save,
 “ Mature for Counsel, as for Combat brave.
 “ Ah would your Subjects catch the kindred Fire,
 “ And bravely emulate as you inspire,
 “ Then *Godfrey*, soon entomb’d, might here obtain
 “ Unenvied Tenure, and a still Domain.
 “ For me, whate’er sage Science may devise,
 “ Whate’er of Trust in deepest Magic lies,
 “ I bring, prepared through each advent’rous State,
 “ To ward your Danger, or to share your Fate;
 “ Bow’d to the Lore of Necromantic Laws,
 “ The Host exil’d from Heav’n shall aid your Cause;
 “ Then list to what my first Instructions move,
 “ And what I counsel, let my King approve.

“ REMOTE, and deep withdrawn from vulgar Eyes,
 “ A Shrine beneath the Christian Temple lies,
 “ With Shew of pompous Consecration placed,
 “ And the bright Image of their *Goddeſs* graced:
 “ A mortal Deity this *Virgin* bore,
 “ And *Her* those Sects idolatrous adore,

“ His

“ His Vows to Her the travel’d Pilgrim pays,
 “ The Lights perpetual round her Idol blaze,
 “ While veil’d, and passive, she attends the Throng,
 “ Their various Off’ring, and their faintly Song.
 “ But thence, by your imperial Hand convey’d,
 “ Transport the Form of this *Maternal Maid*,
 “ And laid within our Prophet’s sacred Fane,
 “ Let ritual Song, and circling Charms retain;
 “ For such the Force of our mysterious Art,
 “ And such the Pow’rs my wond’rous Spells impart;
 “ That while this new *Palladium* we possess,
 “ Your Arms shall ever meet the wish’d Success,
 “ These Walls impregnable, ensure your Reign,
 “ And hostile Fury storm around in vain.

HE spoke, and prompt to Ill the Tyrant rose,
 Impatience through his kindling Aspect glows,
 Unhallow’d, to the latent Shrine he flies,
 And grasps, with Arms impure, the Virgin Prize;
 In vain the zealous Ministry withstands,
 Opprobrious, he insults their rev’rend Bands,

Then

Then bears his Sacrilege to *Macon's* Fane,
 Where Heav'n was ever deaf, and Pray'r profane ;
 The *Sorc'rer* with dread Action stalks around,
 And shocks with Blasphemy the trembling Ground.

AND now succeeding Morn, array'd in White,
 Had silver'd *Solyma* with new-born Light ;
 His Charge in vain the anxious Keeper fought,
 As quickly vanish'd as prophanely brought ;
 All pale, the Tidings to his Prince he bears,
 Who scarce the Messenger in Madness spares,
 But o'er the Christians all his Rage renews,
 For Malice ne'er wants Colour to accuse.
 Yet whether mortal Arm may boast the Deed,
 Or Heav'ns high Hand the captive *Image* freed,
 Remote the *Goddeſs* from Pollution bore,
 And left the Tyrant blindly to explore,
 The Times declare not, but in Silence chuse
 To leave the deep Decision to the Muse,
 Who would all Praise in Piety assign
 As due to Pow'r superior and divine.

STRICT was the Search the chafing Monarch made,
 And wide his Ministers of Wrath inv de,
 His Threats, and Vows, or menace, or invite,
 Whom Rack could terrify, or Gold requite :
 The Wizard too his impious Art applies,
 And to his Aid emerging Demons rise ;
 Nor Art, nor yet demoniac Aid avails,
 Nor deepest Hell imparts what Heav'n conceals.
 But when, no more with baffled Charms amused,
 The King in Wrath conceiv'd his Pow'r abused,
 His Limbs all trembled, and his Eyes shot Flame,
 And vengeful Fury shook his lab'ring Frame ;
 Rouz'd in the Wrath of unforgiving Age,
 Against the Faithful burn'd his endless Rage ;
 " Perish, he cried, Destruction seize on all,
 " So with the Race, the curs'd Offender fall.
 " Yes, e're the guilty 'scape the Wrath decreed,
 " Perish the just, and let the guiltless bleed ;
 " What said I, guiltless ? O ill-fuited Name,
 " Alike all Christians, all our Vengeance claim,
 " Foes

" Foes to our Prophet, Traitors to our State,
 " They justly suffer by the Laws they hate ;
 " Up, up my Subjects, with the Sword and Fire,
 " Quick be their Doom, and let their Name expire.

So spoke the Tyrant, Fame receiv'd the Sound,
 And cloath'd in Terror, pours the News around ;
 The Blood from ev'ry Christian Cheek she drains,
 Strikes to their Hearts, and shudders in their Veins ;
 No Force of Pray'r, no bold Defence they try,
 Fear froze their Limbs, nor left the Pow'r to fly ;
 While o'er their Souls impending Horrors wait,
 And half anticipate the Stroke of Fate,
 But Succour, least foreseen, deceiv'd the Grave,
 For Heav'n is prompt, as potent still to save.

THEN dwelt in *Solyma* a blooming Maid,
 With inward Truth, as outward Charm array'd,
 Heroic Sentiment her Bosom warm'd,
 And her bright Limbs the infant Graces form'd,
 Yet with unconscious, or regardless Eyes,
 She saw no Charm, or seen, refus'd to prize,

Within herself her treasured Sweetness, closed,
 And private in domestic Peace reposed.
 But Merit vainly from Esteem retires,
 The World pursues, discloses, and admires ;
 In vain from Love the bashful Charmer flies,
 A bashful Youth pursues, perceives, and dies,
 To him, intruding Love the Maid reveal'd,
 And kill'd with Graces from Herself conceal'd.
 Love through the Shade of deepest Covert spies,
 A blindfold *Argus* with a thousand Eyes,
 A various Influence, his Pow'rs impart,
 And warm the chaste, and cool the wanton Heart.

Sophronia she, whose Charms his Love inspired,
Olindo he, whose Love those Charms admired,
 In ev'ry Grace, to ev'ry Virtue train'd,
 One Faith instructed, and one Town contain'd.
 Yet he, nor hopes, nor ventures to complain,
 Hush'd as the 'ternal Calm beneath the Main,
 With awful Glance at Distance eyes the Fair,
 Breathes but to sigh, and loves but to despair,

A Prey to silent Anguish, mourns alone,
Unseen, unmark'd, unpitied, or unknown.

THE dire Decree arrests *Sophronia's* Ear,
Nor taught the Christian for herself to fear,
To nobler Views her ample Soul makes room,
With her own Death to ward the publick Doom;
The gen'rous Maid would greatly bleed for all,
And One, a Sacrifice for Thousands fall.
Strong Zeal inspired, and native Courage taught,
But female Decency reproves the Thought;
Nor so prevail'd, for resolutely shamed,
The bolder Blush through Bashfulness enflamed.
On through the gazing Croud she pass'd alone,
And like a Star new ris'n the Virgin shone,
A Veil thrown o'er her Charms with thin Disguise,
But half eclips'd the Danger of her Eyes,
Adorn'd, with easy Negligence she moves,
And ev'ry Eye, engages, and reproves,
For Mildness bright'ning through majestic Grace,
Spoke in her Mein, and lighten'd in her Face.

THUS gazed by all, on pass'd the lovely Dame,
 And fearless to the royal Presence came,
 Dire was the Form, the Tyrant's Visage wore,
 Which she in Innocence, regardless, bore.
 " O turn, she cry'd, the Terrors of thy Ire,
 " Nor thou, O King, against himself conspire,
 " Taint not the guardian Glories of thy Reign,
 " With bleeding Innocents, and Subjects slain,
 " 'Tis mine to give the Traitor to thy View,
 " To point thy Wrath, and point the Vengeance due.

THAT decent Confidence, and awful Grace,
 Mix'd with the Glories of that loveliest Face,
 Surprized the Monarch, half abash'd he stands,
 And feels, that Beauty, more than Kings, commands;
 Low sunk before the Fair all Forms of Pride,
 And bend for Mercy to the suppliant Side,
 For mutual Grace, unbind the Sovereign Brow,
 Wishful to find, and willing to allow,
 But the fond Hope ; no answ'ring Smiles impart,
 And wayward Beauty damps the kindling Heart.

Not Love, but fullen Pleasure seiz'd his Sense,
A short Amazement, and a still Suspense;
“ At your Request (the Monarch mild replies)
“ Fate is no more, and scarce the guilty dies.
“ Then she----- Behold the Criminal attends ;
“ This Hand perform'd, what still my Heart commends,
“ From strange Pollution bore our sacred Dame,
“ And I alone your dreaded Vengeance claim.

THUS arm'd for Pain, unterrified by Death,
Thus the sweet Innocence resigns her Breath,
Her Life a Ransom for her Country yields,
And a whole State with wide Protection shields.

SURPRIZED he paused, yet seeming to require,
A Form less fair, and apter to his Ire ;
“ Say who conspir'd, who prompted to the Deed ?
“ Nor give a Breast so soft as thine to bleed.
“ All Rivals (she return'd) my Works disclaim,
“ Nor brook a Partner in the Deeds of Fame,
“ My Courage prompted, what my Thoughts conspir'd,
“ Alone I counsel'd, and alone acquir'd.

“ On

- “ On thee alone (the Tyrant then replied)
 “ Be the full Weight of my Resentment tried,
 “ ’Tis just, ’tis just, she cried, nor I repine,
 “ Mine be the Penalty, the Glory mine.

NEW Choler now his gath’ring Visage swells,
 And all the Tyrant in his Heart rebels ;

- “ How, where hast thou presum’d thy Theft to hide?
 “ Say, quick, nor farther urge thy Fate, he cried.
 “ Not rescued (bold she said) to be betray’d
 “ Is the bless’d Shape of that celestial Maid,
 “ Vain you require, what now consumed with Flame
 “ Nor Infidels can touch, nor Kings reclaim ;
 “ What would you more, your former Captive freed,
 “ You hold the Criminal who boasts the Deed.
 “ But why the Criminal to me transferr’d?
 “ Must Subjects bleed, when Kings alone have err’d?
 “ What you unjustly seiz’d, I justly gain’d,
 “ And guiltless purified what you profan’d.

SHE spoke, and from within, the labr’ing Storm
 Rose in his Voice, and spread o’er all his Form,

The

The dire Distemper of the Tyrant's Soul,
 No Mercy mitigates, no Bounds controul;
 In vain officious Love his Fav'rite arms,
 And lends an unavailing Shield of Charms.

By Doom severe, he judg'd the fearless Dame
 With Beauty's Charm to feed devouring Flame,
 Officious Villains on his Wrath attend,
 Her Veil and floating Robe they rudely rend,
 Strict round her Arms the livid Cordage wind,
 And to the Stake the lamb-like Victim bind,
 While meek, and silent, she attends her Fate,
 In Pain unalter'd, and in Death sedate,
 Save that the Rose its wonted Mansion fled,
 And like the Lilly droop'd her beauteous Head.

THE busy Rumour spread with murm'ring Sound,
 The Vulgar ran, and clust'ring pour'd around,
Olindo too in trembling Haste drew near,
 With Love prophetic, and all pale with Fear,
 But when by Soul-distracting Woe oppress'd,
 The dreaded Truth his hapless Eyes confess'd,

His Love condemn'd, in cruel Fetters bound,
 And the dire Ministers of Death around,
 The Youth all frantic through the Tumult broke,
 And thus the King in Rage and Haste bespoke.

“ Not so, not so, my Lord, this vaunting Dame

“ Shall arrogate, what only I can claim,

“ She did not, would not, cou'd not singly dare,

“ A Work so weighty, and a Deed so rare,

“ The Guard with unexperienc'd Craft deceive,

“ And from her Seat the massy Substance heave,

“ This Arm atchiev'd what she assumes in vain.

(Ah thus he lov'd though hopeless to obtain.)

“ He added,--- favour'd by the friendly Night,

“ Where your proud Fane admits the Eastern Light,

“ I scal'd the steep, and gain'd the dang'rous Pass,

“ And through the Postern bore the sacred Mass,

“ Nor shall she thus usurp a foreign Spoil,

“ With Hazard enterpriz'd, and earn'd with Toil,

“ Mine are these welcome Tortures, Chains, and Flame,

“ The trophy'd Monument, and deathless Name.

HER Eyes from Earth the grateful Charmer rais'd,
 And gently chiding, on her Lover gaz'd,
 " Say whence the Frenzy that infects thy Mind,
 " And why, ah why to me severely kind ?
 " Sufficient to my Fate, howe'er I seem,
 " Thy Life would but more cruelly redeem,
 " I want not such Society in Pain :
 " Whate'er he dares inflict, I dare sustain.

THE Maid in vain th' enamour'd Youth address'd,
 Nor shook the *steady* Purpose of his Breast ;
 His Fate, in vain the *steady* Youth demands,
 The Maid as stedfast, and as kind withstands ;
 O wond'rous Pair ! unpleasing, pleasing Sight !
 Where Love, and Virtue, amicably fight,
 Where Death alone is to the Victor dear,
 And Safety's all the vanquish'd Wretch can fear.

BUT now his Wrath the King no longer rein'd,
 Who vengeful judg'd his regal Pow'r disdain'd ;

C

" Cease,

“ Cease, cease, with cruel Irony he cries,
“ You both have won, and shall obtain the Prize ;
Quick, at his Beck, the Guards, who waited round
With Chains, the brave, the blooming Stripling, bound,
Then Back to Back the lovely Pair they tied,
And whom they join in Death, in Death divide..

AND now, applied to the surrounding Pyre,
Contagious Breath provokes the ling'ring Fire ;
A mournful Pause the plaintive Lover broke,
And to his loved, his patient Partner, spoke.
“ Are then my Vows, my tedious Suff'rings crown'd,
“ With thee, in such eternal Spousals bound ?
“ Far other Ties my flatt'ring Fancy framed,
“ Far other Fire my faithful Breast enflamed,
“ Nor these the Ties that bind connubial Hearts,
“ Nor these the Fires, the bridal Lamp imparts.

“ SAD is the Scene our nuptial Pomp displays,
“ And long I earn'd what Fate severely pays,
“ While Life still sunder'd, whom the Grave unites,
“ And Death, my fond unfailing Faith, requites.

“ But

“ But yet with Thee ev’n Agony finds Ease,
 “ Death knows to charm, and Pain can learn to please,
 “ Thy Fate alone can teach me to repine,
 “ And all the Pangs you feel are doubly mine.
 “ Ah! could I but obtain that Breast to Breast,
 “ Of thee, in this my latest Hour possess’d,
 “ I might but catch thee with my closing Eye,
 “ And my last Breath within thy Bosom sigh!
 “ That were a Bliss, beyond what Life could give,
 “ It were indeed too much, to feel, and live.

THUS he with various Agitation moved,
 And thus the Maid with gentle Speech reproved.

“ NOT these the Grievs, the Cares you should attend,
 “ Far other Grievs, far other Cares impend;
 “ The dreadful Summons of offended POW’R,
 “ The doubtful Sentence, and the mortal Hour.
 “ The Lapse of Frailty --- and the kindling Flame,
 “ Alike thy Penitence --- and Transport claim,
 “ The *Martyr* with peculiar Splendors bright,
 “ Selected, sits above the Sons of Light.

“ View yon fair Azure with desiring Eye,
 “ Nor fear to tread the Glories of the Sky,
 “ But Oh beyond, beyond, what Scenes invite !
 “ O’er Heav’n, another Heav’n, still opening to our Sight.

SOFT Sorrows seiz’d on the deploring Croud,
 The Pagans wept their pitying Grievs aloud,
 But not the Christians the still Tempest shew,
 But drink their Tears, and choak the swelling Woe.
 The King, who felt unwonted Pity rise,
 Melt in his Soul, and moisten in his Eyes,
 Retired, the soft Emotion to controul,
 And fix the flinty Temper of his Soul.
 But You, bright Maid, transcendent Greatness proved !
 By weeping Floods, and circling Flames unmoved,
 Inspired an Anguish you refus’d to own,
 In Grief superior, and in Crouds, alone.

THUS Hope was far from ev’ry weeping Eye,
 And Death amid involving Fires drew nigh ;
 When, mounted like some Fav’rite Son of Fame,
 A Stranger to the mourning Concourse came ;

In foreign Semblance, and unwonted Mode,
 Proud thro' the parting Throng the Hero rode,
Clorinda's Corselet grac'd the Warrior's Breast,
 And the famed *Tygres's* raven'd on her Crest,
 Th'admiring Crouds her awful *Signal* own,
 To routed Hosts, and trembling Nations *known*.

WITH nobler Gifts of native Worth adorn'd,
 Th'heroic Maid her Sex's Softness scorn'd;
 Scorn'd each important Toil of female Hearts,
 The tricking Ornament, and needled Arts,
 The filken Indolence, the soft Fatigue,
 The chamber'd Spleen, and closeted Intrigue :
 Nor envious Breath her Virgin Honour stain'd,
 Through wander'd Climes, and foughten Fields retain'd,
 While o'er the Beauties of her loveliest Face,
 Delight sat fierce, and smiled with dreaded Grace.

WITH early Thirst of each advent'rous Deed,
 She steer'd the Manage of the bounding Steed ;
 With infant Arm would launch the whistling Spear,
 Whirl the rough Disk, and wield the Sword in Air,

And foil'd each Rival with contending Grace,
 Strain'd in the Grasp, or distanced in the Race.
 Now from the Hills the shaggy Spoils she tore,
 The brinded Lion, and the tusky Boar,
 And last whole Hofts beneath her Prowess yield,
 She riots like a Tygres o'er the Field.
 From *Persia* late the fair Destroyer came,
 And bore deep Hatred to the Christian Name,
 Oft had she bathed the Mountains with their Blood,
 And with their Bodies choak'd the purpling Flood;
 At *Salem* just arriv'd, her wand'ring View,
 Aspiring Flames and murm'ring Tumults drew,
 When curious to enquire she turn'd with Speed,
 And o'er the Pavement push'd her flying Steed.

THE Croud gave Way, the *Amazonian* Fair
 With strict Regard beheld the captive Pair,
 The Virgin silent, while the Youth repin'd,
 The stronger plaintive, and the weak resign'd,
 But plaintive he, as in her Suff'rings pain'd,
 No Pangs but for the dearer Maid sustain'd;

She

She silent, as her Speech were in her Eyes,
 To hold superior Converse with the Skies,
 As though her Soul had took a previous Flight,
 The mortal Suff'ring pass'd, and Heav'n in Sight.

Clorinda's Breast divine Compassion fill'd,
 Her silver Lids the pitying Drops distill'd,
 But chief she mourn'd, and chief admired the Maid,
 Placid in Pain, nor ev'n in Death dismay'd;
 Then fervent thus a neighb'ring Sage address'd,
 " Ah! whence this lovely Pair, and why distress'd?"
 " Such Death, where such apparent Virtues shine,
 " What Crime can merit, or what Heart design?

SHE spoke, The Man of Courtesy explain'd,
 Whate'er of Note the mournful Tale contain'd;
 Her Soul, with kindred Dignity inspired,
 Their Guilt acquitted, and their Worth admired;
 And soon her enterprising Thoughts presume
 By Suit, or Battle, to reverse their Doom,
 Quick from the Stake th' approaching Fire she drew,
 And thus spoke Terror to the list'ning Crew.

" Let

" Let none with cruel, or advent'rous Hand,
 " Officious, dare to act what I withstand,
 " Till from the Court returning Orders bring
 " Freedom, or Fate, determin'd by your King,
 Nor fear in this to rouse the Monarch's Rage,
 My Will's your Warrant, and my Word your Gauge.
 So saying, to their Souls she look'd Dismay,
 As only born for others to obey,
 Then swift to Court the lovely Suitor ran,
 But obvious met the King, and brief began.

" E'RE this (O King) *Clorinda's* distant Fame
 " Has haply taught your Ear a *Stranger's* Name,
 " Who comes (you'll say presumptuous) thus alone,
 " To guard our Faith, and vindicate your Throne.
 " Whate'er of War the various Terms comprize,
 " Within my Sphere of copious Battle lies,
 " Nor aught above me, nor beneath I know,
 " From the proud Bulwark to repel the Foe,
 " To form the Phalanx, or to lead the Field,
 " Or Hand to Hand the deadly Weapon wield.

" She

" SHE ceas'd ; and thus the King, O glorious Maid!
 " Arm of the Host you condescend to aid,
 " From Pole to Pole thy honour'd Name is known,
 " Thy Fame unbounded by the distant Lone ;
 " Not all this warlike Confidence of Tow'rs,
 " The Force of native, and auxiliar Pow'rs,
 " Such Trust defensive of our Throne provide,
 " As that Right-hand, that Weapon at thy Side.
 " Come *Godfrey*, come, with Laurels on thy Brow,
 " Thy March too swift, so late, is tedious now ;
 " Nor less than his *Clorinda's* Glories claim,
 " Thy Word as absolute, as great thy Fame,
 " Thine be the Sphere of arbitrary Sway,
 " The secret Council, and the bold Array,
 " Beneath thy scepter'd Hand my Pow'rs I yield,
 " First in the Throne, as foremost in the Field.

HE spoke, with easy Grace the Virgin bow'd,
 And suppliant thus, her gen'rous Plea avow'd.

" Though *Aladine* may deem the Matter new,
 " Where Gifts precede, and Services ensue,

D

" So

“ So highly your Munificence I hold,
 “ Your Bounty bids the Diffident be bold.
 “ Then for the Aid I bring, the Life would spend,
 “ For all I shall perform, or may intend,
 “ To my Request those wretched Captives give,
 “ And grant the lovely Criminals may live.
 “ Their Sentence meerly on Suspicion built,
 “ Much might be urged abating of their Guilt ;
 “ But ev’ry Plea of Innocence I wave,
 “ And sole in Lieu of future Service, crave.
 “ Yet mighty King, permit me to disclaim
 “ The Guilt imputed to the Christian Name,
 “ Nor should I from receiv’d Opinion lead,
 “ Were Reason not resistless to persuade ;
 “ For ill the *Wizard*’s pedant Arts retain
 “ That Sanctitude which *Macon*’s Laws ordain,
 “ Whose Tenets, all replete with Lore divine,
 “ Prohibit Idols from his hallow’d Shrine.
 “ To Him miraculous ascribe the Deed,
 “ His Fane from Guilt, from Profanation freed ;
 “ Nor thou repine, when Guardian Pow’rs reject
 “ What Rites might innovate, or Arts infect.

“ Let

“ Let *Ismen* exercise, remote from Arms,
 “ His Maze of Tricks, and unavailing Charms,
 “ But the keen Use of more decisive Pow’rs,
 “ The Magic of the circling Blade be ours.

SHE said, and tho’ the Monarch’s stubborn Breast
 Was Proof to aught soft Pity could suggest,
 Yet high Observance of the gallant Maid,
 Her honour’d Presence, and her promised Aid,
 “ Prevail’d, all Pleading he return’d is vain,
 “ *Clorinda* ne’er can ask but to obtain,
 “ Nor I their Innocence or Guilt debate,
 “ Be you alike sole Mistress of their Fate.

THUS were they freed, *Olindo* ! happiest Youth !
 Great is the Recompence that waits thy Truth,
 Pure was thy constant Flame, severe the Test,
 And Heav’n with equal Retribution blest’d.
 Now beyond Hope exulting from Despair,
 He pass’d Associate with the yielding Fair,
 To Death he lov’d her, and the grateful Maid,
 With a long Life of mutual Love repaid.

BUT ever to a Tyrant's Soul ingrate
 He held such Virtue dang'rous in the State,
 And distant far the bridal Exiles sent,
 Rich in their Love, and Each in Each content.
 With these he banishes the Brave, and Young,
 And ev'ry Christian Arm with Vigour strung,
 In Hostage then the softer Sex, retains,
 The tender Infant binds in needless Chains,
 Whose helpless Cries the wonted Name require,
 Th'endearing Husband, and protecting Sire.

SOME through the devious Wild, or Mountain Shade,
 Where Chance, or Sadness tempted, pensive stray'd;
 While some with Glory and Resentment fired,
 To Heights of more determined Worth aspired,
 Bold to *Emmaus* bend their warlike Course,
 And with new Arms augment the *Christian* Force.
 For to *Emmaus* now approach'd *their* Pow'rs,
Emmaus, West from *Salem's* regal Tow'rs,
 Who treads the Fresh of *April's* early Dew,
 (A thousand Scenes of rural Scope in View)

At Leisure may the mediate Space beguile,
 By the third Hour, the third of *Hebrew* Style.
 While distant yet, the Town, and neighb'ring Coast,
 With the first Ken, salutes the *Christian* Host,
Emmaus! loud, triumphing Legions cry,
 And catch the Place with long desiring Eye.

AND now down Heav'n the swift cariering Sun
 His Evening Course of steep Direction run ;
 At *Godfrey's* Word the travel'd Armies stand,
 And canvas Cities rise to his Command,
 Whose tented Canopy, and flaxen Shed,
 O'er many a Field with ready Structure spread.

NOR yet Heav'n's Lamp forsook th'etherial Plain,
 But hover'd verging on the Western Main,
 When lo! two Peers, attractive of the Eye,
 In Mode of foreign Ornament drew nigh,
 Peace in their Hands and open Brow they bear,
 Complacence in their gentle Mien and Air,
 While gorgeous Equipage attendant, wait
 Their Embassy from *Egypt's* scepter'd State,

THE first *Aletes*, vers'd in ev'ry Vice,
 Base was his Birth, conspicuous was his Rise;
 O'er *Nile* his proud Vicegerence widely spread,
 And stored with Wiles was that sagacious Head;
 Soft on his Lips persuasive Fiction hung,
 Guile fill'd his Heart, and Eloquence his Tongue,
 His Manners easy, though his Genius shrewd,
 Fair to engage, and subtle to delude,
 Smooth to persuade with false illusive Phrase,
 To vindicate with Blame, or kill with Praise.

WITH him *Argantes* (huge *Circasian*) came,
 A Stranger late, but quickly known to Fame,
 Through *Egypt*, prime in Arms, the Warrior shone,
 And now a *Satrap*, graced the *Memphian* Throne.
 Furious the Bent of his unconquer'd Soul,
 Nor knew his Heart or Pity, or Controul,
 Slave to his Will, his Will by Passions sway'd,
 Proud, restless, fierce, untired, and undismay'd,
 Nor Earth he thought his Match in Arms could yield,
 As yet unrival'd through the sanguine Field,

(His impious Arm the only God adored)
His Reason perch'd upon his conq'ring Sword.

ADMITTANCE to the Gen'ral's Ear they sue,
And introduced, the royal *Godfrey* view.
Low on a Couch in unaffected State,
Amid furrounding Chiefs the *Hero* fate,
Plain was his Vestment, Negligence with Grace,
And Awe with Meekness, lived within his Face,
As *Godfrey* only could his State adorn,
Too great to value, though too meek to scorn.

Argantes entring, scarce his Head inclin'd,
Haughty his Mien, expressive of his Mind.
As from due Rite, he purposely abstain'd,
For conscious Merits in himself, retain'd.

NOT so *Aletes*; struck with decent Awe,
He en'tring seem'd half wishing to withdraw,
As one surpriz'd, his forward Step repress'd,
And bore his Hand respectful to his Breast,

Then

Then easy, bow'd with Deference profound,
 And fix'd his Eyes half closing on the Ground.
 Spontaneous through his Lips, a wonted Road,
 The Stream of voluntary Diction flow'd,
 Gentle as Dews or Summer's Evening Rain,
 To flake the Fevers of the sultry Plain,
 While thus the *Syriac* melted from his Tongue,
 And list'ning Princes on the Cadence hung.

“ O, mightiest thou! sole worthy of the Sway,
 “ Where circling Heroes, Chiefs like these obey,
 “ Who bear fresh Wreaths on each victorious Head,
 “ Fired by thy Deeds, and by thy Conduct led.
 “ Beyond th' *Herculean* Pillar flies thy Fame,
 “ And *Egypt* ev'n to *Nubia* tells thy Name;
 “ But chief our Monarch marks thy wond'rous Ways,
 “ Lift's to thy Name, and dwells upon thy Praise,
 “ No Envy his superior Bosom fires,
 “ He hears with Pleasure, with Esteem admires,
 “ To Worth like thine perceives his Heart allied,
 “ And is by Love, if not Religion tied.

“ Yet

" Yet well appriz'd of what your Arms intend,
 " Oppos'd, where he in Honour must defend,
 " From Us his amicable Purpose know,
 " A faithful Friend, but a reluctant Foe.

" WITH thee in Arms, in Council, and in Mind,
 " In equal Amity, and Hate combin'd,
 " He vows, whate'er encount'ring Dangers wait,
 " To fix the Fortunes of thy wav'ring State,
 " Be *Sion* only sacred to Repose,
 " He joins with *Godfrey*, should the World oppose.

" TRANSCENDENT Chief! whose memorable Page
 " Shall send a Tale to ev'ry future Age,
 " Short is the Span that gives thy Deeds a Date,
 " But long the Time that wond'ring shall relate,
 " Thy rapid Progress knows nor Rest, nor Bound,
 " What Cities forced, or level'd with the Ground!
 " What Battles fought! what Victories obtain'd!
 " What Provinces subdued! what Empires gain'd!
 " Amazement flies, or trembles at thy Name,
 " Nor is there left a farther Work for Fame;

“ New added Pow’r can add no new Applause,
 “ And Glory spread to either Pole, must pause,

SOAR’D to the Zenith of a cloudless Day
 “ Thy Fortune culminates her warmest Ray,
 “ Her next Advance, the Western Steep invites,
 “ Prone she descends, and suddenly benights.
 “ Ah think, great Chief! the dang’rous Venture shun,
 “ Where all thy Deeds may be at once undone,
 “ Doubtful thy Hope, and thy Advantage small,
 “ But great the Loss, and wond’rous deep the Fall.

“ YET *Godfrey* may reject our fond Address,
 “ He views the future in the past Success,
 “ His Sword with Blood of routed Armies stain’d,
 “ Beneath his Hand reluctant Nations rein’d,
 “ With all the bold, the boundless Wish can crave,
 “ That bribes the Fortunate, or fires the Brave,
 “ These, these may win him to the Waste of War,
 “ And Passions prompt, what Reason would abhor.
 “ Delusive Orators! they still persuade,
 “ Unsheath’d to brandish that redoubted Blade,

“ Still

" Still to pursue where Fortune would betray,
 " Where Glory smooths the faithless, arduous Way,
 " Till *Macon* be no more, and waste, forlorn,
 " Sad *Asia* like some widow'd Matron mourn.
 " Fair Hopes, high Projects, and Allurements sweet,
 " But covert Ruin, and assured Deceit.

" IF Zeal exhibits no intemp'rate Dream,
 " Nor Clouds of Wrath eclipse thy reas'ning Beam,
 " How just, how diff'rent would the Scene arise,
 " Nor Hope, but Apprehension meet thine Eyes.
 " Will Fortune, false as the alternate Sea,
 " For Thee perpetual, flow alone for Thee?
 " High the Ascent her hourly Fav'rites know,
 " But steep the Precipice, that sinks below;
 " There's but one Step 'twixt Triumph and Defeat,
 " The gulphy Ruin, and the tow'ry Height.
 " Say Chief! should *Nile* with all his dread Allies,
 " Potent of Wealth and Arms, in Vengeance rise,
 " The *Turk*, the *Persian*, and *Cassano's* Heir,
 " Frown in the Van, and deepen in the Rear,

“ What mortal Pow’r could such a Storm affwage,
 “ Or check the Thunder launch’d in all its Rage?

“ Perhaps to *Western Aid* thy Prospects bend,
 “ Aid from the *Greek*, that tried, that trusty Friend,
 “ Yes, yes, his Faith attesting Nations own,
 “ ’Tis *Punic* all, and to a Proverb known ;
 “ His plighted Pow’rs We then may learn to fear,
 “ When You grow credulous, or He sincere,
 “ When those who late thy peaceful March withstood,
 “ To buy thy Progress will expend their Blood,
 “ Who late retail’d the venal Air for Hire,
 “ Fight in thy Cause, and at thy Side expire.

“ SHRUNK to the Limits of this warlike Round,
 “ All Hope is to thy proper Squadrons bound,
 “ To these, who distant from their native Soil,
 “ By Death diminish, and decline with Toil.
 “ And is it hence, thy brave Presumption grows,
 “ To foil the Fury of united Foes ?
 “ Not flight the Fray, thy former Conquests boast,
 “ When with full Pow’rs you quell’d each sep’rate Host,
 “ How

“ How then should such combining Hosts dismay,
 “ When *Egypt* lengthens out their dread Array?

“ YET, should I yield thee more than Man for Might,
 “ In Terrors dress’d, invincible in Fight,
 “ In Heav’nly Panoply thy Warrior’s cas’d,
 “ With Heav’nly Ardour ev’ry Sinew braced;
 “ Still *Godfrey*, still thy mightier *Foe* remains,
 “ More fierce than Millions on encount’ring Plains,
 “ Go, whirl thy Sword, go, launch th’impetuous Spear,
 “ And let remorseless *Famine* learn to fear,
 “ Alas too soon thy matchless Force must feel
 “ That Hunger’s sharper than the wounding Steel.

“ No Harvests here wave hopeful to thy Eye,
 “ Consumed around, the blasted Pastures lye,
 “ The Tiller has himself undone his Toil,
 “ Nor left for him to reap, or thee to spoil,
 “ While wasting Fires have rob’d thy fainting Steed,
 “ And wide devour’d, left fiercer Foes should feed.
 “ Deep guarded Battlements the Grain immure,
 “ From Force defend, and from Access secure;

“ But

- “ But then your Fleet shall waft the large Supply,
 “ And Seas shall yield, what hostile Lands deny ;
 “ Yes, you shall live as please the Tide and Wind,
 “ When Gales are constant, and when Storms are kind.

- YET cou'd thy Pow'r the struggling Tempest rein,
 “ Direct the Blast, and rule th' indignant Main,
 “ How will thy feeble, thy unequal Fleet,
 “ Such joint, such formidable Forces meet ?
 “ When launch'd around our naval Pow'rs unite,
 “ And from the boundless Ocean snatch the Sight.

- “ STRANGE is the Turn of thy capricious State,
 “ Where double Conquest must prevent Defeat ;
 “ As strange our fav'ring Fate, where one Success,
 “ Shall with a sure, a double Conquest bless ;
 “ If we, by Land, or Sea, thy Pow'rs sustain,
 “ Vain are thy Pow'rs, by Land, and Ocean, vain ;
 “ And if by Sea, or Land, thy Forces fail,
 “ By Land and Sea alike our Arms prevail.
 “ In vain by Land the fruitless Field you boast,
 “ When Famine triumphs o'er thy conq'ring Host :

“ In vain thy Fleet shall waft the Plenty o’er,
 “ Thy conqu’ring Fleet, when Armies are no more.

“ IF yet, nor Love, nor Int’reſt can invite,
 “ And only Wars, remorseleſs Wars delight,
 “ How has thy Soul her former Praise diſclaim’d,
 “ Through ev’ry Clime, for ev’ry Virtue fam’d!
 “ But ah, if War thy milder Thoughts deform,
 “ May Heav’n with gentle Hand appeaſe the Storm,
 “ Through *Aſia* may the horrid Conflicts ceaſe,
 “ And *Godfrey* rule the conquer’d Realms in Peace.

“ AND You! whoſe Arms, in dubious Battle tried,
 “ The Virtues of your matchleſs Chief divide,
 “ Who ſhare alike, his Council, and his Care,
 “ Who ev’ry Toil, and ev’ry Peril ſhare,
 “ Let heav’nly Peace the ſwelling Paſſion ſway,
 “ Nor Fortune, fav’ring, faithleſs Fair, betray.
 “ The Mariner (though Shrowds and Cordage torn)
 “ Thro’ Sands, and Rocks, and whirling Eddies born,
 “ At Length within the friendly Haven caſt,
 “ With Tranſport ſees that ev’ry Danger’s paſſ’d;
 “ Escaped

“ Escaped like him the trusty Port retain,
 “ Nor tempt the future Tempest on the Main.

HE ended smooth; but through the warlike Round
 Of deep Disgust the murm’ring Accents found,
 Impassion’d Gestures all their Soul avow,
 And Indignation bends in ev’ry Brow.
 Thrice and again, his quick discerning View
 The *Chief* around his circling Heroes threw,
 And thus sedate the much experienced *Man*,
 With gentle, but determin’d Voice began.

“ *Aletes!* deep thy Art, and smooth thy Phrase,
 “ And well you mix the Menace with the Praise.
 “ If, in Sincerity, as it should seem,
 “ Our Acts are honour’d with your King’s Esteem,
 “ You may assure the Monarch, on our Part,
 “ Of all due Def’rence, and a grateful Heart.
 “ But where your Words with threat’ning Ardor warm,
 “ Collect all *Asia* in the coming Storm,
 “ I answer in my plain accustom’d Style,
 “ Not grac’d with Eloquence, yet free from Guile.

“ KNOW

" KNOW then, that all our suffering Pow'rs sustain,
 " Thro' hostile Climes, and thro' the gulphy Main,
 " Sole cent'ring to one glorious Object tend,
 " And only lead, where all our Labours end.
 " To free yon sacred, venerable Wall,
 " Let ev'ry Threat, let ev'ry Ruin fall,
 " Nor Death can terrify, nor Toil distress,
 " Since Heav'n with future Recompence will blefs.

" 'TIS not the tranſient Guſt of mortal Joys,
 " Gems, Crowns, or pageant Scepters (glitt'ring Toys)
 " Not Fame in all her Pomp of Titles dress'd,
 " Inspires the Fervor of a *Chriſtian* Breſt :
 " WHO to the Spheres their conſtant Courſe aſſign'd,
 " Alone directs the Movements of our Mind ;
 " HE is the POLE whoſe fix'd Attraction charms,
 " The VOICE that dictates, and the CAUSE that arms.
 " His Hand alone the whirling Surge reſtrains,
 " And o'er his Tempeſt throws the lordly Reins,
 " Alike to us the wintry Guſts ariſe,
 " Or *Syrius* fires the *equinoctial* Skies,

Warm'd by his Breath, or shaded by his Wing,
 His Presence tempers our eternal Spring.
 Smooth'd, where he leads, the strong ribb'd Hills subside,
 The Dangers vanish, and the Floods divide,
 " Low lie proud Heads, and ev'ry hostile Pow'r,
 " And from its Basis smoaks the tumbling Tow'r.

" NOT from the cumbrous Shield, or brittle Spear,
 " Or Strength of mortal Arm, we hope---- or fear ;
 " Nor list if *Grecia*, or the World be Foes,
 " We trust a POW'R, *who can alone oppose*,
 " Nor shall the World against our Host abide,
 " Against one Man, if HEAV'N be on his Side.

" BUT if, before yon consecrated Wall,
 " His Will (inscrutable) ordains our Fall,
 " Our Bones shall mingle with that hallow'd Clay,
 " Where once the Prince of Life, MESSIAH, lay ;
 " So will we fall, triumphant, though o'erthrown,
 " So will we die (but trust me not alone)
 " Sad *Asia* shall the mournful Vigil keep,
 " And (friendless) we will give the Foe to weep.

" YET

“ YET think not we in savage Wars delight,
 “ That Terms of honourable Peace we flight,
 “ Or vain of Conquest, equally despise,
 “ Such formidable Foes, such strong Allies ;
 “ But why your Monarch prop these distant Walls ?
 “ Where neither Int’rest claims, nor Justice calls ?
 “ If East, or West, his conq’ring Ensigns bend,
 “ Pleas’d with his Pow’r, we rise not to defend ;
 “ Still with his Glory may his Sway encrease,
 “ Still may he rule his native Realms in Peace,
 “ Nor toil to find unnecessary Foes,
 “ But take, and grant reciprocal Repose.

HE ceas’d ; when (Passion madding in his Eye)
Argantes in a Storm of Wrath drew nigh,
 Th’impetuous Gust disdaining to controul,
 And thus loos’d all the Fury of his Soul.

“ Yes *Chief*, henceforward let the Sword decide,
 “ War is thy Wish, nor be thy Wish denied,
 “ Ill hast thou answer’d to our Terms of Peace,
 “ But Cause of Strife to Mortals ne’er can cease.

So saying, quick his flowing Garb he seiz'd,
 And folding with terrific Action rais'd;
 " Here! thou Contemner of Events! he cries,
 " Here, Peace and War within my Vesture lies,
 " If War be in thy bold Election, say,
 " Choose as you list, but choose without Delay.

SUCH utt'ring Arrogance, and scornful Air,
 Not likely such a Princely Round should bear;
 Incensed, no Voice attends their Chief's Reply,
 War, War at once, War, War aloud they cry,
 With rising Wrath the fierce *Circassian* burn'd,
 And War, eternal, mortal War, return'd.

HIS Robe with hasty furious Hand exposed,
 The Gates of *Janus* seem at once disclosed,
Peace scared, on trembling Pinions urged her Flight,
 And *Hate*, and *Discord*, issuing claim'd the Light.
 All dread, and terrible, *Argantes* stands,
 Dire as *Tiphoi*us with his hundred Hands,

Or

Or *Babel* that in Spite of Heav'n arose,
 So tow'rs the Chief, and menaces his Foes.
 With awful Grace superior, *Godfrey* smiled,
 And thus rejoin'd more menacingly mild.

“ OUR Answer let your *Memphian* Monarch hear,
 “ Who better knows to threat, than we to fear ;
 “ If here he means we should attend the Fight,
 “ Swift be his March, and well assured his Might,
 “ Or soon we'll wait him on *Egyptian* Soil,
 “ For we are haply---- more inured to Toil.

THE Hero spoke, and gracefully humane
 Dismiss'd the Chiefs with their attending Train ;
Aletes had a Helm of richest Price,
 With Plumage proud, the beamy Spoil of *Nice* ;
 But to *Argantes*' mightier Hand he gave
 A massy Sword, fit Present for the Brave ;
 Though Gold the Hilt, and gem'd with costliest Stone,
 Superior to the Mass the Model shone,
 Curious to view, but pond'rous 'twas to feel,
 And like a Meteor gleam'd the length'ning Steel.

The

The Bounty, quick, the proud *Circassian* took,
 Eyed with Delight, and with dread Action shook,
 “ Soon *Bulloign*! much too soon (he cried) you’ll find,
 “ Such Trust was ne’er to better Hands assign’d.

THEY parted thus, and to his Peer address’d,
Argantes spoke the Boldness of his Breast,
 “ Go thou to *Egypt* with the Morning Light,
 “ I go to *Sion*, and I go this Night :
 “ My Pen or Presence to no End conduce,
 “ Where Deeds are dead, and only Words of Use,
 “ Talk is thy Province, and may have its Charms,
 “ Be mine the War, the nobler Clash of Arms.

BRIEF spoke the *Pagan*, nor Reply attends,
 But turn’d with haughty Step to *Salem* bends,
 The Dictates of his swift impetuous Soul
 No Rites of *Embassy*, no Laws controul ;
 Beneath the Glim’ring of the starry Ray,
 Impatient, he directs his warlike Way,
 While warm in ev’ry Act, and ev’ry Thought,
 Contention bled, and future Combats fought.

AND now still Night, diffused to either Pole,
 From Heav'n her balmy Visitation stole,
 With soft Constraint the drowfed Sense opprefs'd,
 And weigh'd the weary, buftling World to Reft.
 Through Nature, Peace and fhort Oblivion reign,
 The Tempeft flumbers on the filent Main,
 Hush'd through the fylvan Shade, and dreary Den,
 Smooth Lake, and peopled Flood, and willow'd Fen,
 Each Beaft, and Fin, and Feather finds Repofe,
 With gentler Pace each lazy Current flows,
 Exiled from ev'ry Heart, Oppreffion fled,
 And Labour funk upon the grateful Bed.

BUT not the Shade with kindly Opiate blefs'd,
 That lull'd the Remnant of the World to Reft,
 Nor Toil, perfuafive of profound Repofe,
 Through *Godfrey's* Camp could give an Eye to clofe;
 Impatience hangs upon the ling'ring Night,
 Counts the long Hour, and claims the promifed Light,
 Still

Still through the Gloom, exploring Looks essay
 The dawning Whiteness of the Eastern Ray,
 That shall o'er long fought *Solyma* arise,
 And give her Spires to their expecting Eyes.

The End of the Second Book.



Still

TASSO's Jerufalem, *M*

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E P I C P O E M. *M*

Translated from the ITALIAN. *M*

By HENRY BROOKE, *Esq;*

BOOK III.



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THE P I C P O F M

MANITOWAN





TASSO's *Jerusalem.*

The Third BOOK.



THE eastern Breeze, fresh Harbinger of Dawn,
Sprung from the Surge, and whisper'd o'er
the Lawn,
Aurora wak'd, suffused with early Dew,
And round her Form the purpling Vesture threw,
Her orient Locks encreasing Glory shed,
And *Eden's* Rose adorn'd her radiant Head.
The Soldiers arm, Ten thousand Shouts arise,
Ring through the Camp, and burst upon the Skies,

Triumphant Clarions answer to the Sound,
And boundless Joy and Clamour pours around.

WILD were the Transports of the madding Host,
Wild as the Waves on the *Trinacrian* Coast,
Or Winds that o'er the ridgy Mountain sweep,
That rend the Clouds, and rush upon the Deep ;
Yet to their *Chief* the ranging Troops conform,
He rules the Rapture, and directs the Storm,
In ordered File arrays th'impetuous Train,
Rapid they march, but rapid with the Rein.

WING'D were their Hearts; with previous Transport
And wing'd (like feather'd *Mercury*) their Feet, [fleet,
Nor Travel tires, nor Obstacles impede,
So warm their Ardor and so swift their Speed.
But when carrying up th'etherial Road
The *Disk* of Heav'n with rising Fervour glow'd,
Jerusalem the ravish'd Squadrons spy,
Jerusalem triumphing Thousands cry,
Jerusalem, their Acclamations sweet,
Expanding Arms, and reaching Raptures greet.

So when beneath the keen *Septentrion* Pole,
 Or where the Tides of *Austrian* Oceans roll,
 Advent'rous Mariners, a desp'rate Band,
 Roam in the Search of yet *untrodden* Land,
 Where Skies unknown the dreary Prospect bound,
 With Gulphs that gape, and Storms that rage around :
 If happily, now some azure Hill they spy,
 How is the Voice responsive to the Eye !
 Their Cheeks with mutual Gratulation glow,
 And Shouts in Scorn dismiss all former Woe.

To the first Hurry of that wild Delight
 (When *Salem* rose transporting to their Sight)
 Contrition soon with rev'rent Check succeeds,
 With dulcet Anguish ev'ry Bosom bleeds,
 Their humble Eyes all trembling they with-hold
 From Walls too dear too awful to behold,
 Where CHRIST his Seat of mortal Passion chose,
 Expiring suffer'd, and renew'd arose.
 Griefs, Joys unknown, their mingling Soul possess'd,
 And thrill'd the Nerve in ev'ry martial Breast.

Soft

Soft is their Step along the sacred Ground,
 And hoarse and deep the murmuring Accents found,
 Hoarse as the rustling of autumnal Breeze,
 Deep as the Break of rough asswaging Seas,
 Where denser Woods the shatt'ring Blast oppose,
 Or craggy Shores the surging Spume enclose.

THE Warriors, by their Chief's Example led,
 With naked Feet the sultry Causeway tread,
 Of boastful Trim their Arms they all divest,
 And all unplumed is ev'ry bending Crest ;
 Timid their Voice, and sweet their whisp'ring Woe,
 Short breathe their Sighs, and fast their Eyes o'erflow,
 While thus the penitent, the dear Distress,
 Low fault'ring Tongues and speaking Hearts express.

“ O LAMB ! Who here for all the Living died,
 “ Love's purple Fountain issuing at thy Side,
 “ Whose Currents through the Maze of Mercy ran,
 “ To wash the Ways, the sinful Ways of Man ;
 “ Receive, receive the contrite Tears we shed,
 “ Due Tribute where our suff'ring SAVIOUR bled,
 “ Nor

“ Nor common Tears should thy Memorial keep,
 “ But pour’d to Thee our bleeding Hearts should weep.

M E A N while, the Watch, who from his Tow’ry
 In spacious Prospect held the neighb’ring Land, (Stand
 To Right, to Left, flow gath’ring on the Skies
 Perceiv’d wide Wreaths of curling Dust arise.

A s fraught with coming Storm when Clouds ascend
 And fable wing’d from North to East extend,
 The nimble Lightnings pour upon the Sight,
 And the dark Vapour labours with the Light,
 So thro’ th’ Eclipse, Shields, Helms, and Corsets gleam,
 Thick ported Spears project a quiv’ring Beam,
 With Man and Steed the wide-womb’d Cloud is fill’d,
 And glitt’ring Arms the skirted Region gild.

T H E hasty Sentinel the Town alarms,
 To Arms, ye Citizens, (he cries) to Arms,
 Heav’ns ! What a horrid Cloud involves the Sky, 85
 What Ranks of steely War, what Hosts I spy,

Up

Up up, the Foe's at Hand, your Walls ascend,
Your Law, your Lives, your native Rights defend.

THE Female's feeble Sex, and silver'd Sage,
Too soft by Nature, or unnerv'd by Age,
With trembling Infants to the *Mosques* repair,
And tire their *Prophet* with a Length of Pray'r.
But Those of Limb assured, and Courage bold,
Seiz'd their keen Weapons with a hasty Hold ;
Some run to line the Portals, some the Wall,
The *King* informs, directs, and governs all.
Then to a Tow'r that browed the northern Coast,
And Front to Front o'erlook'd th' approaching Host,
His City here, and here his Foe in View,
The *Monarch*, to inspect the Whole, withdrew.
Erminia to his Royal House allied,
Erminia gentle Charmer graced his Side,
Whom late (her Kingdom seiz'd, and slain her Sire)
The Victors Chain permitted to retire.

MEAN time *Clorinda* issuing at their Head
The Force of many a gallant Warrior led,

While

While with his Squadron, couch'd, *Argantes* lay,
 Prepar'd to Sally, and sustain the Day.

Clorinda's daring Voice each Ear inspir'd,
 Each Eye, her warlike Presence fill'd, and fir'd,
 This Day (She cry'd) let grateful *Asia* bless,
 That to our Arms assign'd the first Success.
 She said—when strait appear'd a Christian *Band*
 Whose Search with early Forage scour'd the Land,
 And now returning with the lowing Prey
 To the main Hoast they held their hasty Way.
 The *Virgin* by intem'perate Valour push'd
 Full on the Troop, but first on *Guardo*, rush'd,
 Their mighty *Leader*, fam'd for Strength in Fight,
 But much too weak to match her matchless Might;
 Him from his Seat in either Army's View
 O'erturn'd behind his Steed *Clorinda* threw;
 Glad Omen hence the Pagan Hosts portend,
 And Shouts by Shouts upborn to Heaven ascend;
 But She, where join'd the thickest Squadrons, press'd,
 Cleft the bright Helm and tore the plaited Breast,
 Her Men fast followed on the Road She made
 And fought secure beneath her conqu'ring Shade.

REPEAL'D with Speed, the Christians quit the Spoil,
 And Step by Step their shatter'd Pow'rs recoil,
 Till the kind Summit of a Hill they gain'd,
 And rallying thence the stronger Foe sustain'd.
 When Lo! impetuous as loos'd Whirlwinds rise,
 Or the red Bolt that shoots athwart the Skies,
 His Arms and eager Eyes ejecting Flame
 Far wing'd before his Squadron *Tancred* came.

As in a Tempest stands some stable Mast
 Braced to the Board yet lab'ring in the Blast,
 So great, so firm, the Spear which *Tancred* takes
 Sits in his Grasp, and in his Anger shakes.

THE King beheld him dreadful in his Charms,
 Blooming in Strength, and eminent in Arms.
 His Presence fill'd the careful Monarch's Breast
 Who thus *Erminia* (trembling Maid) address'd.
 " Well should thy Eye through long Acquaintance know
 " The hated Shape of each distinguish'd Foe,

" Say

“ Say then what’s He whose hot and warlike Form

“ Before him sends the Promise of a Storm ?

HE said, nor Answer save the Sigh receiv’d,
That in the Whiteness of her Bosom heav’d,
That half suppress’d in its sweet Prison lay,
And through her Lips half wing’d its od’rous Way,
While round her Eyes the crimson Circlets glow’d,
And bright, within, the liquid Anguish flow’d.

AT Length o’er Love she threw Aversion’s Cloke,
And thus with feign’d, yet real Passion spoke:

“ Ay me! too well, too well His Form I know

“ Whose Steed so proudly bears my deadliest Foe,

“ Him from my Eyes not mingling Hosts can hide,

“ Him from my Thoughts nor Time nor Place divide;

“ Great Prophet! in what Heaps from *Antioch’s* Wall

“ Beneath that Arm I saw my People fall,

“ The Wound He gives no Mortal may endure,

“ No Armour ward, and ah! no Med’cine cure.

“ *Tancred* his Name, Oh! Cruel,— may he live

“ And ’scape the Death He knows too well to give,

" Till captive once, and to my Rage assign'd,
 " He feels how strait a Womans Chains can bind,
 " A thousand Deaths my vengeful Thoughts prepare,
 " And one, which Heaven avert! would only spare.
 She said, involuntary Sighs expire,
 And just, though great the Monarch deem'd her Ire,
 But ah! how sweet the Vengeance She design'd!
 How soft the Fetters! and the Rage how kind!

MEAN time *Clorinda* eyed the Warrior's Speed
 And full to thwart the Tempest urg'd her Steed,
 Couch'd at the Head Each aim'd a deadly Stroke
 Her Weapon, shiver'd to the Gauntlet, broke;
 But the rude Welcome of the Hero's Spear
 Nor filken Thongs nor golden Buckles bear,
 From her fair Front the plumed Helm he cast,
 Her Hair dishevelling revel'd in the Blast,
 Gem'd in the curling Radiance shone her Face,
 The fiercest Ardor and the sweetest Grace.

FORTH from Her Glance keen flash'd the living Fire,
 Ah! what her Smiles? Since lovely was her Ire,

Why *Tancred*! wherefore stops thy late Career?
 Here's but one Foe, and can the Mighty fear?
 Or can a Face like spelful Magic charm,
 Freeze the bold Nerve, and chain the lifted Arm?
 Yes, *Tancred*'s Eye bears witness to his Heart,
 And owns a Charm beyond the mystic Art,
 Still on that Heart, indelibly impress'd,
 Still liv'd that Form which now his Eyes confess'd.
 The Shade (ill sheltering) to his Soul returns,
 And gazing now, as at the Fount he burns.

HER Shield She rais'd and on the Warrior flew,
 Fierce She advanc'd, and gentle He withdrew;
 On other Foes he would his Force have tryed.
 But here! turn here, the threatful Virgin cryed,
 " Ah barb'rous Maid! one Death would not suffice,
 " Thy Sword would trace the Progress of thy Eyes.

FURIOUS She Strikes, while faintly He defends
 And only to her killing Face attends,
 " Ah (thought the Chief) sweet Combatant forbear,
 " 'Tis not thy Sword that *Tancred* knows to fear,

“ Far deeper than the Wounds thy Arms impart,
“ Thou’st found the Way to reach thy Soldier’s Heart,
“ Strong though thy Arm, the strongest Arm may fail,
“ But Fate is in thy Eyes and must prevail.

YET, e’re he died, determined yet to tell,
Why thus the unresisting Victim fell,
Half tim’rous, half embolden’d by Despair,
With troubled Accent He address’d the Fair.
“ If the steel’d Ranks of this embattel’d Field
“ No apter Object of thy Prowess yield,
“ If me alone thy Vengeance would pursue,
“ Thy Valour combat, and thy Arms subdue;
“ Hence from the mingling Hosts with me retire,
“ And prove whose Arm can best express our Ire.
The Maid assented, though unhelm’d her Head,
And rode intrepid where the Challenge led;
And now She aim’d, and now discharg’d a Stroke,
When (scarce preventing) thus the Warrior spoke,
“ Hold! lovely Heroine, hold! and let thy Rage
“ First hear the Terms that won me to engage.

SHE staid, his faultring Tongue Despair made bold,
And gave the Love long latent to unfold.

“ Ah my fair Foe (th’impassion’d *Tancred* cried)
“ Since Peace is in thy endless Wrath denied,
“ The Terms of War to speedy Conquest lead,
“ Give you to strike and me alone to bleed,
“ Too blest’d if so I may thy Rage appease,
“ And learn, so hap’ly, learn in Death to please.
“ Long since, the Joys of irksome Life are fled,
“ Nor mine the Heart you pierce, or Blood you shed,
“ Mistaken Maid! in ev’ry Part you reign,
“ And pour the vital Flood through ev’ry Vein.
“ Of Me, more nearly than thyself, possess’d,
“ Thine’s all the Interest in thy *Tancred*’s Breast,
“ See to thy Sword his Bosom I impart,
“ Too well thou know’st thy Passage to the Heart,
“ Strike, strike! it leaps to bleed at thy Command,
“ And welcomes Death endear’d beneath thy Hand.

YET *Tancred*! farther had thy Lips essay’d,
And hap’ly touch’d the much admiring Maid,

But

But here, by luckless Interruption led,
 Before their Foes some routed *Paynims* fled.
 A *Gallic* Soldier, as he pass'd the Fair,
 Mark'd the bright Flow of her redundant Hair,
 His coward Hand the base Advantage seiz'd,
 And high in Air the cruel Steel he rais'd;
 But *Tancred* on his Weapon caught the Stroke,
 And the first Force of its Encounter broke,
 Yet lightly edg'd the glancing Sabre hit
 Where the fair Head and pillar'd Neck were knit.

As when, prepar'd some regal Brow to grace,
 Or raise the Lustre of some Fair One's Face,
 An Artist bids the Golden Circlets shine,
 And calls the Ruby from the blushing Mine,
 So the bright Drops of bleeding Crimson shew'd,
 And gem'd amid her mingling Tresses glow'd.

THEN, then, no Limit *Tancred's* Fury knew,
 But launch'd in Vengeance on the Ruffian flew,
 As swiftly loos'd to Flight He urg'd his Steed,
 For instant Fear gave Feathers to his Speed.

Suspence

Suspense a-while, and much at Both amazed,
 On the strange Chase the thoughtful Virgin gazed ;
 But turn'd, She saw her shatter'd Squadrons yield,
 And changed the Fortune of the flying Field ;
 With Shame, Grief, Rage, all kindling at the Sight,
 She rush'd to turn her routed Bands from Flight,
 Now, singly bold, against a Host made Head,
 And now o'erpow'r'd by pressing Numbers, fled,
 Yet mutual Flight to her Pursuers taught,
 For still She flew, and as She fled She fought.

As on the Wilds of *Plessa's* bord'ring Wood,
 Or where broad *Volga* rolls a deep'ning Flood,
 The savage *Ure*, by circling Mastiffs prest,
 Shakes the dread Dewlap of his bellowing Chest,
 Outnumber'd, now prepares his Flanks for Flight,
 Now wheeling lifts his horny Front in Fight :
Clorinda so, half chafing, and half chased,
 Repelling, and repell'd, now fled, now faced,
 When flying fear'd, and fatal tho' pursued,
 She rather seem'd subduing than subdued.

THE *Pagans* push'd before the *Christian* Pow'rs
 Now reach'd the Bases of their shelt'ring Tow'rs,
 Whence rallied, for the Field again they burn,
 And with a Shout upon their Hunters turn.

MEAN time *Argantes* with his Troop impends,
 And plumed in Horror from the Mount descends ;
 Well might the stoutest tremble at the Sight,
 For fearful rush'd the *Giant* famed in Fight,
 Pierc'd by his Sword or by his Lance o'erthrown,
 The prostrate Ranks beneath his Fury groan ;
 Deform'd, the Battle bleeds at ev'ry Vein,
 And Man and Steed lies tumbled on the Plain.
 With equal Death *Clorinda* heap'd the Field,
 And made the Pride of manly Prowess yield,
Ardelio, whose brave Spirit warm though sage
 Felt a fresh Spring in his autumnal Age,
 With rash Essay advent'ring to repell,
 A Victim to the fond Presumption fell.
 Two Sons he had who felt their Father's Fire,
 Two valiant Sons to guard a valiant Sire,

But

But wounded lay the brave *Alcander's* Might,
And scarce was *Polipbernes* faved by Flight.

BUT *Tancred*, who untimely o'er the Plain
Pursued the Ruffain, but pursued in vain,
Now turning saw th' unequal Combat wag'd,
And his brave Troop by circling Hosts engag'd;
With double Grief his Error pierc'd his Sight,
But double Valour wou'd restore the Fight,
He ran, he shot, confirm'd his fainting Bands,
Recall'd their Hearts, and fortified their Hands.

NOR He alone, for now by *Dudon* led
Th' adventrous Troop their dreaded Ensigns spread.
Strength of their Strength and in himself a Host,
Their Flow'r, their Nerve, their Beauty, and their Boast,
Whom by his Mien and Arms *Erminia* knew,
Before the foremost first *Rinaldo* flew.

“ Behold (She cried) behold *Rinaldo* there,
“ Than Man more valiant, more than Woman fair,
“ Whose Fame is full, e're Promise could presage.
“ And shames in Infancy the Toils of Age,

“ His Arm more forceful than an Engine falls,
 “ And threats more Ruin to these tott’ring Walls,
 “ Had *Europe* sent six Champions to the Field,
 “ Six Boys like This cou’d ample *Europe* yield,
 “ The World were conquer’d to the southern Pole,
 “ Beneath their Yoke shou’d *India’s Ganges* roll,
 “ In Chains all *Niger’s* tawny King’s should tread,
 “ And *Nile* in vain wou’d hide his sacred Head.

“ BUT turn where *Dudon* thy Attention claims,
 “ Who there in Gold and mingling Verdure flames,
 “ He rules yon Band whose Actions task Belief,
 “ Where ev’ry Soldier is himself a Chief,
 “ Yet justly his experienc’d Step precedes,
 “ And Hundreds that were born to Empire leads,

“ L o there (unprais’d who in his Prowess prides)
 “ The Brother of imperial *Norway* rides,
 “ *Gernando*, whose huge Stature loads the Plain,
 “ What boot’s to say He’s valiant? Since He’s vain.

BUT

" BUT here O King in radiant Silver drest,
 " Fair as the Faith that whitens in their Breast,
 " Behold (Ah sweet Associates!) Side by Side
 " Two Friends espous'd, the Lover and the Bride,
 " *Gildippe, Edward*, paradised in Bliss,
 " Her *Edward That*, and his *Gildippe This*;
 " No Force can foil them, and no Fate can part
 " Famed in the Fight, and wedded in the Heart.

WHILE thus *She* gave due Honour to the Foe,
 Wild was the Riot in the Vale below,
 For now in *Tancred* and *Rinaldo's* Ire
 The Slaughter rages and the Ranks expire,
 Through the firm Depth of hemming Foes they broke,
 And some arm'd *Paynim* died on ev'ry Stroke,
 Not ev'n *Argantes* cou'd the Shock sustain,
 But fall'n beneath *Rinaldo*, spread the Plain.
 And now O mighty Chief (in Arms surpass'd)
 This thy first Foil had haply proved thy last,
 But Chance deprived the Victor of his Prey
 Who press'd beneath his prostrate Courser lay.

MEAN

MEAN time pale Fear deform'd the Face of Fight
 And, mingling, wing'd the Pagan Feet for Flight,
 All, save *Argantes* and the Martial *Maid*
 Who still to stem the conqu'ring Army staid,
 The Bank and Bulwark of their Host they rose,
 And each stood equal to a Thousand Foes.
 Nor so restrain'd, th'impetuous *Dudon* flew,
 Still urged the Chace, and still the hindmost flew,
 Swift, as the Victor by *Tigranes* passed,
 Lopp'd from the Trunk the headed Helm he cast,
 What *Corban*, what *Algazar*, cou'd avail,
 Your Casque well temper'd, and your circling Mail ?
 For his keen Sword cleft *Corban* to the Chest,
 And through *Algazar's* Back transfix'd the Breast ;
 Beneath his Steel *Mahammed* press'd the Plain,
Almanzer's Bulk was number'd with the Slain,
 Before the Chief great *Amurath* expired,
 And ev'n *Argantes* slow, and stern, retired.
 With bridled Wrath th'indignant *Warrior* burn'd,
 He labour'd, raged, withdrew, stop'd, chafed and turn'd,
 Till

Till now the wish'd Advantage he essay'd,
 And in brave *Dudon's* Bosom sheathed the Blade,
 Prone o'er the Field his sullied Armour rung,
 And o'er his Eyes th' eternal Slumber hung.

THRICE to the Cheer of Heav'ns all-dulcet Light
 He lift the pain'd and sickly Lids of Sight,
 And thrice (vain Toil) he struggled to arise,
 And thrice he fell, and clos'd hisumber'd Eyes,
 From the cold Limbs the vital Heat retired,
 And in a parting Sigh his Soul expired.

BACK step'd the stern *Circassian* from the Dead,
 And shook the reeking Steel, and scornful said,
 " Go Warriors, let the gen'rous *Godfrey* know,
 " What quick Effusions from his Bounty flow,
 " When to our Arm this Weapon he assign'd,
 " Wise was the Trust, as sure the Gift was kind,
 " Nor can he learn without a secret Pride,
 " To what rare Use his Favours are applied,
 " Freely he gave, nor I his Bounty spare,
 " Which here return'd his foremost Champion's Share,

" YET

“ Yet, tell him yet, I languish for that Day,
 “ When Hand to Hand I shall in Person pay.

HE spoke, when Hundreds on the Boaster press'd,
 And launch'd a mingling Tempest at his Breast,
 But Prudence timely prompted to evade,
 And the tall Tow'rs held forth their friendly Shade.

Now shower'd tempestuous from th'embattel'd Wall
 Stones, Darts, and Flints, and Engin'd Quarries fall,
 Wing'd from the Nerve of many a bending Bow
 Death points a Cloud and rains the Storm below ;
 The Christian Pow'rs receding seek the Plain,
 And their wide Gates, the cover'd Pagans gain.
 When disencumber'd now *Rinaldo* rose
 To Vengeance loos'd he pour'd upon his Foes,
 For *Dudon's* Fate had reach'd the Warrior's Ear,
 And gave a Fury which ev'n Friends might fear.
 On, on (He cried) why, wherefore stop ? O Shame,
 Your Arms, Revenge, Revenge, and *Dudon* claim.
 In vain their Ramparts veil yon trembling Rout,
 Walls rise in vain to keep the valiant out,
 Though

Though fenc'd with Adamant, or Tow'rs of Steel,
Argantes shou'd my entring Vengeance feel.
 He said, and forward on the Ramparts sprung,
 A Storm of Darts around his Temples fung,
 Yet He gave all his dauntless Front to View,
 Ev'n Danger awed before his Eye withdrew,
 The Tow'rs appear'd to totter at the Sight,
 And quailing Thousands trembled from their Height.

But *Sigiere* now by royal *Godfrey* sent
 (Sage Herald) bid the Rage of War relent,
 " Retire, retire, nor vainly hope (he cry'd)
 " That one Day's Arm shall *Salem's* Fate decide;
 " Steep are her Tow'rs and boldly Mann'd her Wall,
 " And dire must be the Shock that Threats her Fall.
 They stay'd reluctant---as the fiery Steed
 Rein'd in his Pride and lorded in his Speed,
 So far'd *Rinaldo's* Fury, scarce repress'd,
 And still the Battle struggled in his Breast.

MEAN time, with Dust deform'd and stain'd with Gore
 Brave *Dudon* from the fated Field they bore,

The Soldiers press to touch his great Remains,
 And round his Corse the copious Sorrow rains.
 But *Bulloign* from a Summit's neighb'ring Height
 Survey'd fair *Solyma*'s imperial Site,
 Her Pow'rs, her Force, and her Defects he scan'd,
 And the deep Schemes of future Conquest plan'd.

HIGH eminent amid the circling Lands
 Fair *Solyma* in ancient Glory stands,
 Rear'd on two Hills her regal Spires arise,
 Between, a Vale in rich Expansion lies;
 From three proud Sides she overlooks her Foe
 And smiles, impervious, on the War below,
 But weak by Nature on the Northern Part
 She stoops to arm Her in the Strength of Art.

THE frugal Trough and Cistern's Vase retain
 Her watry Stores of Heaven-descending Rain;
 Around her Walls no lively Verdures grow,
 Few Founts to flake the sultry Region flow,
 No Grove extends its hospitable Shade
 To the tired Pilgrim or the feverish Glade,

Save where two Leagues divided from the Town
 A baleful Forest rears its umbrage brown,
 Whose silent Shades in antique Horrors rise,
 Brood o'er the Soil, and intercept the Skies.

CLEAR to the Dawning of the *Eastern* Beam
 The hallowed *Jordan* pours a plenteous Stream;
 A fanded Billow bounds the *western* Side
 And rolls alternate on the Midland Tide;
Samaria stretch'd upon the *North* expands,
 Where *Bethel* in opprobrious Prospect stands;
 But *Bethlem* *Israel's* Gem and *Judah's* Boast
 Rears to the *South*, and consecrates the Coast.

WHILE *Bulloign* thus surveys the hostile Ground,
 And sends his Eye in large Experience round,
 Metes the proud Height of *Sion's* tow'ed Wall,
 Marks her Defects and meditates her Fall;
Erminia, intermitted Silence, breaks,
 And thus observant of the Hero, speaks.

" BEHOLD (O King) in regal Purple drest,
 " Strength in his Arm, and Wisdom in his Breast,
 " Behold where *Godfrey* takes his awful Stand,
 " All form'd for Fame, to act as to command,
 " In him the Hero and the Sage unite,
 " The Clue of Conduct, and the Force of Fight ;
 " *Raimond* alone of yon unnumber'd Hosts
 " A Rival in the nightly Council boasts,
 " Alike young *Tancred's* and *Rinaldo's* Charms,
 " Their Flame of Courage, and their Force of Arms.

" I know, (the Monarch with a Sigh reply'd)
 " I know him well, and saw his Prowess try'd,
 " When I the Seals of *Egypt's* Sultan bore,
 " And trod a Friend upon the *Gallic* Shore,
 " A Stripling, in the Lifts, he struck my Eyes,
 " And matchess bore from ev'ry Arm the Prize,
 " Then, e're his Spring of bearded Down began,
 " In every Excellence a more than Man.
 " Too sure Prefages of impending Woe
 " To such whom Fate should mark for *Bulloign's* Foe.

" BUT

" BUT say ! What's He, whose Scarf with *Tyrian*
 " Flows o'er his Arms and glows at *Godfrey's* Side ? [Pride
 " Though *Godfrey* treads superior to the Sight,
 " In Mien and Majesty They both unite.
 " I see, 'tis *Baldwin* (cried the Princely Dame)
 " His Brother, less in Features, than in Fame.

" BUT mark, intently turn'd how *Godfrey* hears,
 " While *Raimond* speaks the Judgment of his Years,
 " Whose hostile Hairs bring Terrors to my Sight,
 " Grown sage in War, and in Experience white,
 " Beyond Ten thousand Hands that Head alarms,
 " The Ward, and leading Wisdom of their Arms.

" THERE *William, England's* younger Hope, behold,
 " His figur'd Buckler, and his Casque of Gold,
 " *Guelfo* the next, whose Thirst of Glory springs
 " From a long Race of Heroes, and of Kings,
 " I know him well, amid a Host express,
 " By his square Shoulders and his ample Chest.

" But

“ But ah! In vain I fend my Eyes about
 “ To find my Foe the cruel *Boemond* out,
 “ The dire Ufurper whose relentless Hand
 “ Slew my great Sire, and seiz’d my native Land.

THUS while they spoke observant of the Foe ;
 The *Duke* descends, and joins his Host below,
 For now resolv’d, and hopeless to prevail
 Where *Salem*’s Eminence o’erlook’d the Vale,
 Incumbent on the op’ner *North* he lay,
 Spread out his Camp, and made his Engines play,
 Where ev’ry Rampart shook beneath his Pow’r
 From the far Portal to the utmost Tow’r.
 In Compass near a Third ; for such the Space
 That circle’s *Sion* in a wide Embrace,
 Not with thin Ensigns length’ning towr’d the Mound
 Cou’d *Godfrey*’s Army hem the wond’rous Round.
 Yet ev’ry Lane and ev’ry Pass he barr’d,
 And fix’d the frequent Terrors of a Guard,
 Around his Camp the spacious Lines he drew,
 And broad and deep his guardian Trenches threw,
To

To shield his Legions from untimely Fight,
And ev'ry dark Hostility of Night.

THESE Orders, giv'n the *Gen'ral* held his Way
Where *Dudon*, much lamented Hero, lay,
High on a Bier, with warlike Honours graced,
In woful Pomp the *great Remains* were placed,
Snapp'd Arms, and fable Ensigns spread the Ground,
And mingling Princes pour'd their Griefs around.

AT *Bulloign's* Sight, the sadly silent Croud,
Renew'd in rising Sorrows, wept aloud,
But *He*, with Majesty that bore the Show
Of Dirge in Triumph, or of Cheer in Woe,
Approaching, touch'd the Bier, repress'd his Grief,
And thus pathetic spoke the mourning *Chief*.

“ HAIL *Dudon* ! hail to thy eternal Birth !
“ Reviv'd in Heav'n, from all thy Toils on Earth ;
“ Nor yet shall Heav'n the total Hero claim,
“ Still found on Earth, immortal in his Fame.

“ In

" In Life my Friend, in Death thou didst excell,
 " Valiant you fought, and valiantly you Fell,
 " Closed in thy Warfare, finish'd is thy Fight,
 " And Stars of living Glory crown thy Might.
 " Not, not for Thee, this inky Cloud of Woe,
 " But for Ourselves our juster Sorrows flow,
 " Our Arm of War's unnerv'd upon thy Bier,
 " And broke with thine is ev'ry pointless Spear;
 " Despoil'd of Thee, thou chiefest earthly Aid,
 " Our Banners furl, and all our Laurels fade.
 " Yet the great Cause that might inform the Dead,
 " The Cause survives, for which thy Bosom bled,
 " Survives to warm Thee with its wonted Charms,
 " And Wing thy Soul assistant to our Arms,
 " When in the Pow'rs of heav'nly Mission bright,
 " Once more thou shalt descend to rule the Fight,
 " In Terrors wrap'd to thunder on the Foe,
 " To lay the Pride of all Opposers low,
 " To raze the Height of yon embattel'd Wall.
 " And lift thy Friends victorious from thy Fall."
 He said---and now the slumb'rous Dew of Night
 Mix'd with the Shade, and sunk upon the Sight,

O'er

O'er Care-swoln Lids effus'd the Balm of Sleep,
 And clos'd those Eyes that daily learn'd to weep.
 But *Bulloign* on his pensive Pillow lay,
 Revolv'd through every Labour of the Day,
 While forming in his wakeful Round of Thought
 Machines arose, and novel Combats fought.

THE bright-eyed Morn from early Vapour won
 Saw *Godfrey* arm'd, and orient with the Sun,
 At *Dudon's* Herse the friendly, melting Chief,
 Pour'd the last Tribute of attending Grief.
Him a long Train of funeral Pomp convey'd,
 And low in Earth the *warrior Corse* they lay'd,
 Where a tall Palm its branching Honours spread,
 Wove in the Wind, and worship'd o'er the *Dead* ;
 His Dust the priestly Consecration blest,
 And sung the great *departed Soul* to Rest.

HIGH o'er his Tomb, amid the Branches strung,
 Ensigns, and Arms, and blazon'd Trophies hung,
 The Pride, and Spoils of many a valiant Knight,
 Seiz'd by the *Victor* in his Days of Fight.

Full on the Trunk his proper Arms were plac'd,
 His plummy Helm, the joining Corset, grac'd,
 And thus the Marble bore his sacred Name,
 " *Here Dudon lies--- yet fills the World with Fame.*

THE last sad Rites of social Woes exprest,
 And *Dudon* left to his eternal Rest.
 The Chief of Chiefs, on public Cares intent,
 A Convoy to the secret Forest sent,
 Where silent grew its unfrequented Shade,
 Now by a *Syrian* to the Duke betray'd,
 Who meditates from hence on *Sion's* Fall,
 And plans Machines the Rivals of her Wall.

THE *Woodmen* now dispose their ranging Bands,
 Th' alternate Axe high brandish'd in their Hands ;
 Unwonted Noise, th' affrighted Forest, fills,
 An Echo sighs from all the circling Hills.
 Beneath their Strokes the victor *Palms* subside,
 Down falls the *Pine* from its aerial Pride,
 Still breathes the *Cedar* o'er a Length of Ground,
 The *Firs* in weeping Amber mourn around.

Fell'd with her *Elm* the *Viney Consort* lies,
And faithful o'er the folded *Trunk* she dies.

THE *Poplar*, *Beech*, and *Alder's* watry Shade,
Sink on the Marsh, or wither o'er the Glade,
Imperial *Oaks* that through ten Ages pass'd
Had braved Heav'ns Bolt, and rough encount'ring Blast,
The Period now of mortal Glory feel,
And fall subdued beneath the conq'ring Steel.
The exiled *Pard* abjures his wonted Den,
And ev'ry Feather flies the Voice of Men,
Wide lie the Realms of long usurping Night,
And Scenes unfold that never saw the Light.

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End of the Third Book.



Fell'd with her Elms the Viney Conifer lies,
And faithful o'er the folded Yew the dies.

The Poplar, Beech, and Alder's warty Shade,
Sink on the Marsh, or wither o'er the Glade,
Imperial Oaks that through ten Ages pass'd
Had braved Heav'n's Bolt, and tough encountering Blast,
The Period now of mortal Glory feel,
And fall subdued beneath the expanding Steel.
The exiled Paria abjures his wonted Den,
And ev'ry feather flies the Voice of Men,
Wide lie the Realms of long usurping Night,
And Scenes unfold that never saw the Light.

End of the Third Book.

